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First Queue for the Dole

THE crisis in the motor car industry is the product, not of the new industrial revolution, but of the old. The 6,000 men peremptorily sacked last week are not the victims of the age of automation, but of a good old-fashioned crisis of over-production. It is a familiar picture: exports shrinking, home sales falling, stocks piling up. Yet paradoxically it is its very familiarity which makes it new. It marks the end of a post-war attempt to prove that full employment and Tory freedom are compatible.

Motor production has been pressed ahead ever since 1947. But whereas, under the Labour government, it was linked to the export drive, under Mr. Butler it ran amok. Although the production of cars has been rising at the rate of about 150,000 a year, exports have remained at the 1951 level. The reason is simple. Sir Stafford Cripps rationed steel to the industry on the basis that three cars must be exported for each one sold at home. This government stopped all that. Freed from control and encouraged by a domestic boom financed by Mr. Butler's inflationary follies, the industry has undertaken huge development programmes. Investment in motor manufacture roughly doubled last year. The Big Five of the industry, struggling to survive in a field where there is not room for all, have outbid each other for skilled labour and raw materials. Last year, metal imports (including steel imports, which sky-rocketed) went up by £154 million—a quarter of our total increase in imports. In sheet steel alone, imports jumped to 450,000 tons, half of which was absorbed by the motor industry. These imports cost dollars, yet the government refused to regulate them or to insist that in return the car industry should help to pay the nation's bills. It has stood aside while export markets have been squandered through failures of design and marketing, and by raids on the "soft" home market. Exports have dropped from 77 to 40 per cent. of output.

Such folly destroys itself. When the crisis came the government reacted in the traditional way. Its remedy has been to deflate the industry through hire purchase restrictions and the credit squeeze. But while it has thus deliberately created unemployment, it has taken no steps to see that old mistakes are not repeated or that redeployment serves a coherent national plan. The car industry, which has so wantonly wasted national assets, remains unregulated, its investment goes on unchecked. Vauxhall prepares to double production in two years; Fords have a current expansion programme of £65 million. At Luton, Commer Cars have planned a large factory. This is the beginning of the car war and its social casualties.

Challenged in the Commons, Mr. Macmillan explained that he hopes in some vague way to strike a "balance" by monetary policy. In the meantime, one aim is obvious: a cycle of wage reductions is to be set on foot. This is what the government means by "mobility of labour." The Minister of Labour hopes that some of the men will be forced back to the buses, the railways and the pits—at the very moment when the government is putting a price squeeze on the nationalised industries. Inevitably the trade unions will seek a way to fight back, though unfortunately the car crisis has found them unprepared. They missed the favourable moment to negotiate redundancy agreements on the American model, to insist on the creation of compensation funds; they cashed in on artificial prosperity. Now the government turns a deaf ear to their pleas for help. Union leaders and their men are having to learn the lessons of capitalism over again the hard way. In a situation of falling demand, their case may be industrially weak, but it is politically strong. The unions' request for an inquiry into the car industry is as unanswerable as the growing demand for control of investment, and a reassessment of our economic priorities. Each of these requires government intervention and planning. For five years the government has tried to solve our problems by monetary means. Now we are faced by stagnant production, a falling share of the world's exports, social dislocation and industrial unrest.

Comments on the Week's News

Krushchev Replies

The form of the Soviet reply to foreign criticism of Krushchev's secret speech is as interesting as its substance. For the first time, Soviet readers have been permitted to read sharp—even if "fraternal"—criticism of their leaders, and, another innovation, the Soviet central committee has taken the trouble to give point-by-point replies to specific questions raised by Communists abroad. (Presumably, an official text of the secret speech will soon be published to supplement this new statement and other documents, including Lenin's "testament," which have now been made available to the Soviet public.) To this extent, the long reply is in tune with the new policy of frank revelation. It is, however, unsatisfactory in other respects. Krushchev is clearly concerned lest the "democratisation" of the Soviet and other Communist parties becomes "disintegration"—a fear that must take account, not only of the crisis in Communist parties abroad, but also of the Poznan outbreak and other "incorrect interpretations" of the new line. (East European and French party leaders went to Moscow specially for this central committee meeting.) But the question is whether the new reasons why Krushchev and his colleagues did nothing to stop Stalin's "excesses" will prove more convincing than the inadequate explanation given at the 20th Congress. Krushchev argues, first, that the Soviet people "knew Stalin as a man always acting in defence of the Soviet Union. Any opposition to him under these circumstances would not have been understood by the people. It was not a matter of lack of personal courage." Secondly, he says, "there were definite periods during the war, for example, when Stalin's individual actions were sharply restricted." Thirdly—and this is the main line of defence—the fact that corrections have now been made shows that the Soviet system is "genuinely democratic," that the trouble was caused by "specific historical conditions" (the struggle against imperialist encirclement) and not by structural defects in the system itself. Krushchev and his colleagues thus deny the need for the "Marxist analysis" called for by Togliatti and Nenni, and indignantly repudiate suggestions that they should re-examine Leninist assumptions. Whatever has happened in the past, they claim, all is now well. Indeed, they reciprocate "fraternal" criticism by chiding foreign Communists for going too far. That such explanations have to be offered shows that when the risks of "de-Stalinisation" were calculated, the Soviet leaders could not foresee the flood that would follow the thaw.

More Power to the Soviets?

Another striking development is expected at the meeting of the Supreme Soviet which begins next week. For some weeks, there have been rumours in Moscow of impending changes in election procedure and in the status and function of elected bodies. There was a cryptic reference to such changes in Togliatti's latest speech, in which he said:

> The point can be reached and, if I am not mistaken, is now being discussed by the leaders of a great country today being ruled by the Communists, where parties themselves may be extinguished as a result of the attainment of a unitary Socialist society.

The *Daily Worker's* Moscow correspondent, moreover, has reported that in future all candidates for local, republic-wide or all-Union bodies, will be properly nominated—as Article 141 of the Stalin Constitution formally requires—by a wide variety of organisations and that the single list will no longer be permitted. This will presumably open the way to some form of contested election, and this will tend to revitalise the local and superior soviets, many of which have become notional bodies which simply endorse the party line. At the same time, more power is to be given to the various soviets, both by delegating authority from Moscow and by giving them greater control over executive actions. In this respect, the publication in *Izvestia* of an article by a French politician, which calls for parliamentary control of the collective leadership, seems to be one way of preparing Russian opinion for the next stage.

Turks and Greeks

It appears that the British Government has decided to concede self-determination to Cyprus and to name the date. This belief no doubt explains Mr. Averoff's brusque treatment of Mr. Shepilov when he visited Athens last week. General Templer, whose visit to Jordan was so disastrous to Britain a few months ago, has been chosen for the job of persuading the Turks that their strategic interests will not be jeopardised when Cyprus reverts to Greece. The Turks, it appears, are to be offered a de-militarisation clause (similar to the arrangement governing the Greek Dodecanese) which will apply to all Cyprus except the enclave forming the British base; and they are to be assured that Britain's lease on the base will be very long indeed. To judge by Mr. Menderes' most recent statement, the Turks are unlikely to be satisfied by this, and they will remain obdurate unless and until American pressure can be brought to bear. So far, despite repeated British requests, Washington has refused to intervene; but if the Templer mission fails, the State Department may be forced to act. The important point is that Sir Anthony now seems to be rejecting the formula of "Cyprus as a base", and to be accepting Labour's thesis of "a base in Cyprus". His next hurdle—once Turkish objections are overcome—will be to get the Cypriots round the conference table. How this is to be accomplished without bringing back Makarios nobody has yet explained; and when Sir Anthony has finally been brought to admit this elementary fact, his capitulation will be complete. Once more the Tory back-bench lions will roar; once more they will troop silently into the lobbies; and once more British soldiers will have died in vain.

Trouble on the Pipeline

There are faults on both sides in the dispute between the Lebanese Government and Iraq Petroleum Company over royalty payments for the company's pipeline. Why has I.P.C. experienced far more trouble over pipeline royalties in Syria and Lebanon than Tapline, the line controlled by Aramco? Because it has always paid too little and negotiated too late, and because it has adopted a "take it or leave it" attitude too frequently characteristic of British oil companies in their dealings with Arab states. The Syrian agreement was concluded only after bitter wrangling which left many hard feelings. Last year, I.P.C. gave way to the Lebanon after months of obdurate refusal, and Lebanese blackmail has been encouraged by I.P.C.'s persistent unwillingness to reach a generous and final agreement. Now the Lebanese are trying it on again; and their apparent decision to "nationalise" I.P.C.'s pipeline and refinery—though legally indefensible—is their inevitable response to I.P.C.'s refusal to negotiate. The company must recognise that the Lebanon's envy at its oil-rich eastern neighbours, and its disgust at the methods currently used for calculating pipeline royalties (which are based on the length of the line and not solely on the quantity of oil transported) are permanent factors in the Middle East oil situation, which cannot be eliminated by occasional dollops of danegeld. I.P.C. must be prepared to link the Lebanon's share of the royalties to the general level of production and profits at an agreed percentage which could become standard for the Middle East; and there is every reason why this percentage should be generous, and so form the basis for the good relations which are now so sadly lacking. As for the Lebanon, it would do well not to act in a precipitous manner. The Tripoli pipeline is not indispensable to the workings of I.P.C. The Lebanese government is almost certainly bluffing in stating that it has secured agreement with Iraq to prevent the development of an alternative pipeline through Turkey. Even if its claim were true, there is nothing to prevent the company from abandoning overland transportation entirely. Both the Lebanon and Syria must realise that all the oil companies are becoming increasingly perturbed by this apparently insuperable problem and are studying more radical solutions. Mr. Onassis doubtless had this in mind when he announced, last week, that he is to construct tankers in the 100,000-ton class.

Parsimony for Malta

The Colonial Secretary was very glib last week in trying to fix the responsibility for the dangerous situation in Malta on Mr. Mintoff and the Round Table Conference. This is surely misleading. The Round Table Conference did no more than note an estimate for British aid to Malta which had already been arrived at; the Maltese Prime Minister, whilst perhaps tactically unwise in threatening to resign, had himself already been faced by a Colonial Office ultimatum. Maltese expenditure has been running during the past three months at a rate which would necessitate £5.6 million per annum aid from Britain. The Colonial Office would not offer more than £4.2 million. The fact is that the Malta Labour government has begun development schemes much earlier than was thought possible. If they are to mature, thus increasing Maltese productivity and reducing the island's dependence upon Britain, aid in the full financial year will need to be at least £6 million. Otherwise unemployment is inevitable. If Mr. Mintoff is to have any chance of persuading his electorate that integration will give them an opportunity to work towards equivalent standards with those of the British working class, he must be given this assistance. If it is denied to him, it will not be his stubbornness, but the parsimony of the Treasury and the stupidity of the Colonial Office which will be responsible for destroying the whole imaginative concept of integration. Some breathing space has now been gained by the offer of an Economic Commission. If the commission is to succeed, its membership and its terms of reference must be acceptable to the Maltese government, and it must be empowered to examine the whole issue of the amount of British aid required and the possibility of increasing the revenue resources of Malta itself.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Moscow

Words and Deeds

A Moscow Correspondent writes: The other day, as I drove past a particularly messy patch of road repair near the offices of the central committee of the C.P.S.U., the taxi-driver commented wrily: "That's our way. Smash everything, make an unholy mess and then take our time over tidying up." I thought his eyes dwelled for a moment on the building we were passing before they returned to the road. When I left Moscow early in May people were still swapping the "juicy bits" from the Krushchev speech in a mood of horror, fascination, iconoclasm and scepticism. Now, two months later, everybody one meets seems either to have heard the full text read to them or to have a fairly full and balanced account of it. And the mood? From most reports it varies considerably according to the impact the government's corrective measures have made on the local population. The farming community is gratified: the measures taken in agriculture since 1953—taxation relief, reduction of the powers of local bureaucrats with a corresponding enhancement of the authority of the kolkhoz boards of management, new incentives—these have had time to bear fruit. It seems, too, that the peasants now really believe an effort is being made to give them a fairer share of what consumer goods are available.

As for the industrial population, it is by the housing programme that the government will eventually be judged. Not much is being asked for: in the larger cities a single-room flat per family is all that can be expected. Russian town-dwellers have become used to living in constricted space. What they have never grown used to, or accepted as normal, is lack of privacy. They detest the communal kitchen and bathroom, and now from foreign films and travellers' tales they know such conditions are rare in the West. Certainly, the new houses are going up, but until the reorganised building materials industry begins to turn out sufficient components for much more rapid construction of standard houses—*Krushchoby*, the Russians call them irreverently—such measures as reduction of working-hours, higher pensions, freedom to change one's job and even more abundant consumer goods will continue to be regarded as palliatives. Nevertheless, the average working man—and perhaps the working woman even more so—probably feels that the replacement of Stalin by others has brought practical gains. In addition, there is a real sense of relief in not being "bossed about" as much as in the past, signs of which are beginning to appear in the form of more boldness on the part of trade union organisations in the factories. It is significant that the word *obyazatelno* (it is obligatory) has virtually disappeared from factory notice-boards.

It is among the intellectuals that one finds at once most excitement, impatience and scepticism (the latter dependent on how much one is in the know about changes in preparation). If the party's *laissez-faire* policy towards the arts has not as yet brought forth anything strikingly original, the reason is probably to be found in the tenacity with which the "old hands" are clinging on to their positions. The most that can be said at this stage is that the desirability of variety of styles has prevailed over the necessity for uniformity. The intelligentsia, on whom the Stalin terror bore most grievously, are gradually regaining something of that confidence that characterised their attitude towards life in the Twenties and early Thirties. A Russian friend who wrote from the provinces ended a letter that approved most of the recent changes with the words: "Things are much better; all the same, I do not feel quite free to write frankly." Four years ago those very words might have been enough to incriminate her. But there will be some hesitation to make full use of the much-advertised "freedom of criticism" until the old guard has been dislodged from the strategic positions it continues to hold in the newspapers, in management and in such organisations as the Academy of Arts and the Union of Writers. "What is the difference between criticism from above and criticism from below?" people ask, and Moscow jesters answer with this story: A man drops a stone from a third-floor window on to the head of a man on the street below. That is criticism from above. A man in the street throws a stone at a man looking out of a third-floor window, misses and gets the stone back on his own head. That is criticism from below.

In the long run it will probably be the reforms which, it is reliably reported, will soon be introduced into the penal code and judicial procedure that will convince the intellectuals that Krushchev means what he says when he assures the public that a return to Stalin's methods is being made impossible.

Rome

Goodbye to the Lollos?

A Correspondent in Rome writes: During the last six months a cold wind has been blowing ominously about Rome; distributors and producers shiver in the hollow teeth of ruin; actors and technicians sit all day in hostile, anxious groups, warmed only with bitter coffee. This was the fertile field that raised such bosomy blooms as Lollobrigida, Mangano, Podesta and, more recently, Sophia Loren—all now happily married to Foreign Markets. But those who waxed fat on the post-war industrial boom in Italy are having to look elsewhere than the cinema for their money's worth. The critical facts are that while, at this time last year—the open season for shooting film—there were nearly 70 films in production and in '54 over ninety, Italy can now boast just seven films on the floor, of which three are co-productions and two full-length documentaries.

The explanation lies in the government's apparently arbitrary decision to pouch the large carrot they have been dangling in front of producers' noses for the last five years. Any producer who could show a feature film of average merit got a snap of that worth a refund of 18 per cent. of the film's box-office gross. This, combined with a National Bank which would advance up to 60 per cent. of a film's anticipated cost to a producer who could conjure up a box-office star and a skeleton story in which to frame her, octupled production since the days of Rossellini's *Open City*.

For the last five months the Italian Government has been trying without success to pass an amended law in support of the industry through their parliament. It has met with strong opposition from those parties who complain of the obtuse control exercised by state officials, and the improper—and none the less powerful for being unofficial—censorship of the clergy which, they maintain, has debased the Italian film and is responsible for the present slump.

The only bank authorised to extend loans for film production is the Banca Nazionale del Lavoro, and this would not consider giving credit without unofficial sanction from the hierarchy. A number of films have been withdrawn from circulation and others been denied a showing as a result of the Church's action. The directors De Sica and Visconti have both suffered on this account. Producers are inclined, therefore, to claim that it is useless for them to start production until certain precepts have been established and they can be certain of where they stand. The Circolo Romano del Cinema (the strongest association of directors and writers) on the other hand, insists that the only criterion of censorship is that "art is free".

While such men as Rossellini, Blassetti, Visconti and De Sica were building the international reputation of the Italian cinema with their loosely termed "neo-realistic" films, the industrialists were making the money with which they were to buy up, and sometimes out, the talents that had created the playground on which they were to romp with such capital gain. By the beginning of 1952 (the year that marked the change-over from the neo-realistic school to commercial film-making) the industry had developed rapidly enough to become a seriously attractive bait for the business-man gambler. In the succeeding years the neo-realists still struggled against the difficulty of finding funds and the disapproval which the acute social observation of their films incurred. Some fine films were made (*Umberto D, I Vitelloni, Due Soldi di Speranza* among the best-known), but it was the dreary commercial production floated, in competition with Hollywood, on the black and white morals of Technicolor film that flourished. But now that *War and Peace* has been concluded and *Ben Hur* (4) indefinitely deferred; now that *Minerva*, one of the biggest film houses, has gone bankrupt and frantic inflations of foreign finance have been injected elsewhere without avail, the time may well come when the field will again be open to those who like to make films for their own sake.

Westminster

Guys and Dolls

Housemasters in at least one public school hold occasional house meetings at which the senior prefect voices the boys' complaints and the housemaster replies. I was reminded of the atmosphere of such meetings this week when the House of Commons discussed the Home Office.

Kenneth Younger, who led for the Opposition, looks like a senior prefect, with his still boyish face and neat appearance. His manner to Lloyd-George had just the right blend of assurance and deference. He seldom put forward a definite view of his own. He made his speech "in interrogative form"—a real prefect's phrase, that one—and wondered if the Home Secretary would care to give a reply. He tentatively put forward the views of other people and wondered if the Home Secretary would care to comment. He also showed his awareness of the responsibility of his position by from time to time explaining the Home Secretary's difficulties to the boys behind him.

Lloyd-George acted his part equally admirably. With a geniality usually reserved for Parents' Day, he gently offered a series of reasons why nothing should be done just now. A committee was sitting on this. A committee was about to report on that. We had better wait until we heard from them. From time to time he spread out

his hands, palms upwards, and complained, a little wearily, that things were all very difficult; and when some of the less polite boys and girls became restive, he closed the proceedings with a vote of thanks to the Matron and all her staff.

Younger and Lloyd-George, in fact, rubbed their dry sticks together like good boy scouts but completely failed to produce any fire. From their speeches, no one would have guessed that there is alarm about incipient gang warfare in London and elsewhere, or concern about prostitution and the state of the prison service, or that the police are seriously dissatisfied with their pay. The real debate was carried on by back-benchers, and by Tony Greenwood, who wound up for the Opposition. Maybe Bessie Braddock's demonstration with the lethal air pistols recently confiscated from Liverpool children was both out of order and a "kind of a circus act." But at least it rammed home a serious point, that such weapons should not have unrestricted sale.

Much of the debate centred on prostitution and gang warfare. On the first, Lloyd-George explained the limitations of the law—that a prostitute could be arrested only if there was "annoyance," that flats let separately to individual women were not brothels and so on. But the main pressure put on him was not to alter the law, but to enforce it. Beverley Baxter reported that in Bayswater two men regularly arrived to collect money from prostitutes and that their arrival was accompanied by "screams, quarrels, blasphemy and blows." The law already gives the police powers to arrest men who are living on immoral earnings and to arrest prostitutes who cause "annoyance." Yet in Bayswater both practices seem to flourish openly. Members were also disturbed by the revelation that the law could not cope with the gangs, and by Peter Rawlinson's report of conditions in Soho, where unfortunate shopkeepers could only keep their windows intact by paying protection money to the gangs. Surely the law was adequate to deal with that? Yet the law is not being enforced, and is falling into disrepute.

The problem, as Greenwood put it, was how to re-establish the law's supremacy. No doubt some changes in the law will be necessary to close such loopholes as those which allow property owners in effect to live on immoral earnings and yet escape prosecution. But the real solution is to have a police force which is both large enough and determined enough to enforce the law. Members were unwilling to criticise the police themselves. There was still a general feeling that our "policemen are wonderful" but that because their pay is still too low to attract recruits there are not enough of them. It is certainly true that men at present in the force are angry at the refusal of the Home Secretary to accept an award backdating their recent pay increase. Yet the Home Secretary himself reported that the West End Division of the Metropolitan Police Force is now up to full strength. If that is so, it is disquieting that lawbreaking, of which so many instances were given in this week's debate, should continue to such an extent in its area.

The Home Secretary is not responsible for the day-to-day administration of any police force, but he has a general duty to see that the police do their duty. It is most unwise for any Home Secretary to assume, as Lloyd-George seems to assume, that the police automatically and always do their duty. He should exert continuous vigilance and pressure to this end. But no one who has watched Lloyd-George in his present office could associate him either with pressure or with vigilance. Changes in the law may be necessary. Even more necessary is a change at the Home Office.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Workers of Poznan

THANKS to the presence of foreign businessmen and journalists—and, be it said, unusually honest reporting by Communist sources—there is little argument about the causes of the Poznan riot. For several weeks there has been growing discontent among the Poznan workers, and especially among the employees of the large Zispo factory. Wages are generally so low, and the supplies of goods so inadequate, that it is impossible to maintain tolerable living standards. At Zispo, changes in output and work norms have led to a further drop in income, and two weeks ago, parts of the factory started to go slow. On June 25, a delegation of 30 workers was elected to visit the Minister of Machine Industry, Mr. Sidelski, in Warsaw. It is claimed, officially, that he accepted the demands of the delegation and agreed to visit the factory. Other accounts suggest that, on the contrary, some of the delegates were arrested. In any case, a protest strike and march was planned for Thursday morning. It was this march that became a riot and, according to eye-witness reports, a fairly well-organised insurrectionary attempt on public buildings.

Here the two versions really diverge. The official Polish story is that "terrorists," inspired by "a certain power," used the demonstration as a cover for a carefully prepared revolt, and that this was timed to coincide with the Poznan Fair. It may be true that armed groups infiltrated into the demonstration. (In the first place, the Polish press has frequently reported operations against armed underground units in both urban and rural areas. Secondly, the course of the riot suggests that in its later stages it was led by men with experience in the tactics of street-fighting.) But there is no doubt that the violent protest had overwhelming public backing, and there is some evidence that the shooting was started by security forces rather than by the rioters. It is admitted that the Zispo strike was joined by the whole working-class of Poznan. "In a general strike," the *Daily Worker* reports, "they stopped the town dead." It is admitted, too, that the demand was for "bread," that the demonstrators had justifiable grievances, and that various factories have passed resolutions expressing "confidence" in the government and the Communist Party without "enthusiasm." Whether or not the strike was used by "terrorists" as a cover for a violent outbreak, the plain fact remains that the workers courageously took their lives in their hands to demand bread for themselves and their children.

The workers of Poznan demonstrated and died. And the working-class movement in other countries rightly applauds their determination to win a higher standard of life and greater freedom. In the last few months there have been other strikes and demonstrations in Poland, and for the same reasons. The management of industry has been bureaucratic and incompetent; the sacrifices demanded by the industrialisation programme have been immense; and the new political atmosphere has encouraged the working-class to stand up and fight with its traditional weapons. The question that must now be asked, however, is whether this outbreak will be used to halt the process of "democratisation." It seems, to judge by the first reaction, that the Polish government intends to deal sternly with the "ringleaders" of the riot, but to do what it can to meet the genuine grievances of the workers. If it does this, the men of Poznan will have won a crucial victory. "The time has come," a very representative group of Labour M.P.s has written to the Polish President, "when all citizens of our great continent should enjoy liberty . . . and an adequate standard of life." The Polish government should realise that Socialists everywhere will endorse this appeal for "generous restraint," and understand that any "co-operation for peace and reconstruction" depends upon its answer.

A Co-existence Dialogue

LEFTY: From what I've gathered from press reports, the paper on Labour foreign policy which Dick Crossman has presented to the Parliamentary Party's foreign affairs group is a timid piece of work. He seems to assume that the world will continue to be divided into two armed camps. He thinks it would be "unrealistic" for Labour to scrap Nato, Seato and Medo. I can't think what's become of him.

RIGHTY: He's not alone, you know. Harold Davies, Tony Wedgwood Benn and Chris Mayhew have also done a paper on the Far East. Full of some very dubious ideas, in my view, but even they recommend sticking to Seato.

LEFTY: I can't understand it. After all, the cold war's over, as Crossman admits in his paper. So why keep the cold war politico-military institutions? They no longer fulfil any role. They're positive liabilities in the age of peaceful competition. They don't scare the Russians—but they provide them with priceless propaganda. And they convince the uncommitted nations that the West is a potential aggressor.

RIGHTY: You must be more responsible. When a Labour Secretary of State next takes over the Foreign Office he can't simply announce that Britain intends to withdraw from Nato. It would mean the end of the American alliance—it might even mean America's withdrawal from Europe: Ernie Bevin's nightmare all over again. A unilateral denunciation of Nato would be tantamount to a declaration of neutralism. And neutralism isn't a practicable policy for Britain.

LEFTY: Look, let's take these organisations one by one. First Seato. The statement drawn up by the Foreign Affairs Group, and based on the Harold Davies paper, recommends the adoption of the Five Principles of Co-existence, including the one which forbids interference in the internal affairs of other states. But this, as the group is aware, is a direct contradiction of Clause IV of the Seato agreement. Secondly, it recommends channelling aid to the Far East through the U.N. This contradicts another clause of Seato. Take away these two functions and what is left of Seato? A collection of obsolescent warships. Next, take Medo. Here again, Crossman—echoing, I note, Mr. Gaitskell—recommends channelling aid through the U.N. But to supply aid, on a politically selective basis, is now the main purpose of the pact. Crossman also wants an arms embargo on the Middle East. But this means Iraq will have to contract out. And what is the Baghdad Pact without Baghdad?

RIGHTY: Precisely, that is the idea. We make these treaties innocuous without taking the fatal step of formally renouncing them, and thus antagonising our allies. By relegating them, as Crossman says, to a position of secondary importance, we relax tension and convince both the Russians

and the uncommitted peoples that our intentions are not aggressive. But, at the same time, we assure countries like Turkey, Pakistan and Siam the protection of a formal military treaty. We obtain the results you would wish, but without smashing the unity of the West into fragments.

LEFTY: But isn't this what the Tories have been doing for the past two years anyway? What differentiates your policy from theirs? It seems to me you are getting the worst of both worlds. First, by cutting down your military commitments, by emphasising the economic aspects of these organisations, you emasculate them, and prevent them from fulfilling their primary function—which, when all is said and done, is a military one. But, having made them incapable of discharging the tasks for which they were created, you refuse to draw the obvious propaganda advantage by renouncing them formally. Whatever you say, countries like India will always look upon Nato as a threat to peace. We had to disregard India's views when Nato was indispensable. But we've now reached the point when we can *afford* to cultivate neutrals.

RIGHTY: You talk as though the threat from the East has gone for ever. But we have no real evidence of this—at least until the Russians have agreed to inspection and control of disarmament. Until then, we must have an organisation in being which can respond instantly to the threat of war. We can't make the mistakes of 1914 and 1939 again. We've no need, any longer, to talk in terms of maintaining 80 divisions in Germany. But we must have, as Crossman says, a "trip-wire," which will automatically set off the process of nuclear retaliation.

LEFTY: I don't know what this trip-wire means. Is it a thin line of troops? Or is it simply a frontier? In the long run, I think it must mean the latter, because troops, even when equipped with tactical nuclear weapons, have no real function to perform in an H-bomb war. But in this case, Nato is meaningless. If the Russians crossed the West German frontier, the American Strategic Air Command would instantly come into action. In a push-button war, the buttons are going to be pushed, you may be sure, in Washington, and not at Shape headquarters. Nato is a military anachronism. It dates from the days when formal alliances were valueless unless they were backed up by troops already mobilised and in position, when, in short, the essence of war was the defence of territory by ground forces.

RIGHTY: So you still think that the next Labour government should abruptly and unilaterally withdraw from Nato?

LEFTY: No. Such a course, as you rightly point out, is not compatible with the Anglo-American alliance which, I agree, we must preserve. I am in favour of a much more positive step. We should propose to our Nato allies that the time has come to replace Nato with a mutual-defence treaty of the traditional kind. Under this, all member nations would come to the aid of any one of them whose territory was violated; but it would not include any other military provisions. Such a treaty, I agree, was useless in the days when it took armies a month to mobilise, and when the United States required years to bring her full military effort to bear. But, in the days when S.A.C. bombers require only six hours to be over Moscow, it is all we require. The objectionable features of Nato would thus be eliminated, and we should still have just as much—or as little—security as we have at present. We should also—and this is the point—be in a position to wage competitive co-existence on equal terms.

RIGHTY: Would it include Germany?

LEFTY: I'm glad you raised that. Germany, it seems to me, is where Crossman's "Nato trip-wire" thesis breaks down. Having elected to preserve Nato, he then goes on to say (rightly, in my view) that the Germans should be allowed to decide their own future; and he hints that this will probably take the form of reunification on the basis of neutralisation. Well and good: but then what becomes of the Nato trip-wire? Is the trip-wire to be withdrawn to the Rhine? Or is it to remain on the Elbe, in defiance of the neutralisation agreement? The problem is insoluble *so long as you regard the trip-wire as a line of troops*. But once you regard the trip-wire as a frontier, a solution is simple. We should make our proposal for a transformation of Nato into a mutual-defence treaty conditional on a similar transformation of the Warsaw Pact (which, since the relaxation of satellite control by Moscow, has become a genuine organisation). Then, when the two great military formations have been reduced to conventional diplomatic agreements, the way is paved for an overall European Security Pact, one of whose provisions would be the guarantee of a neutralised Germany.

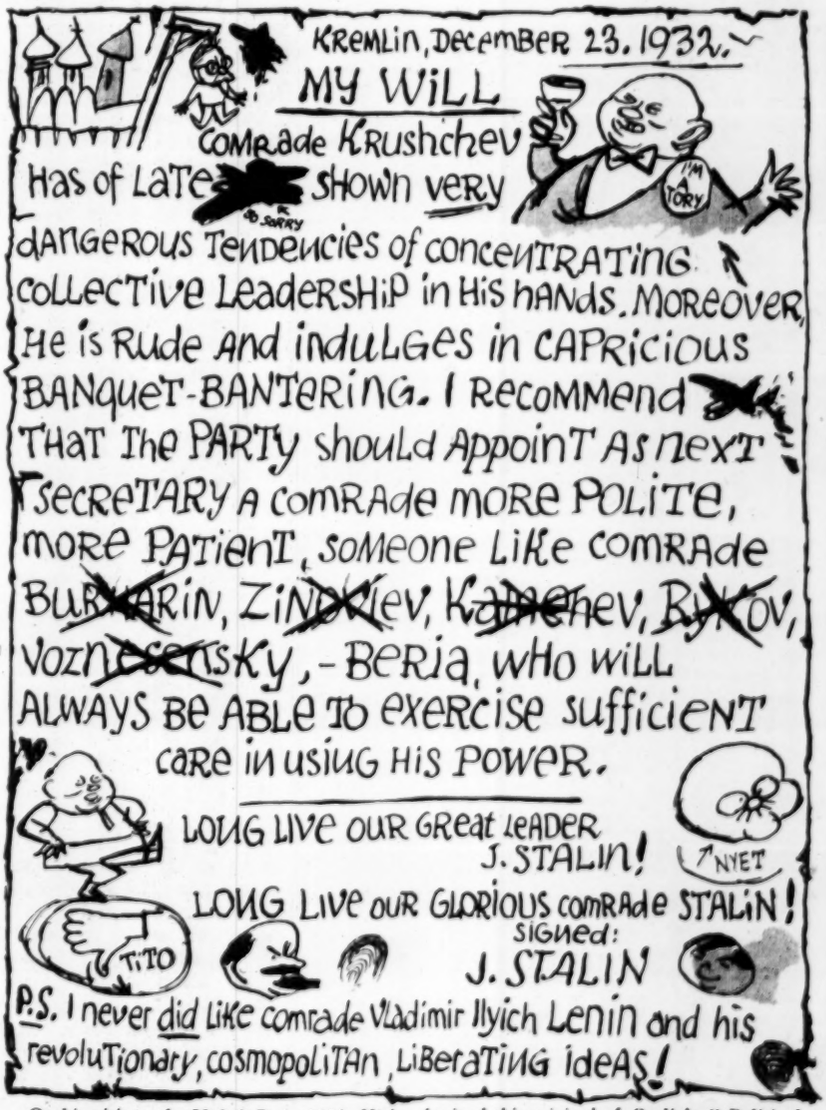
RIGHTY: You presuppose that the transformation from cold war to peaceful competition will blur the lines between the two *blocs*. I suspect it will sharpen them. I see that Mr. Denis Healey has produced a paper arguing that peaceful competition will consolidate the unity of the Communist *bloc*, and that we cannot hope to compete peacefully unless our unity matches theirs. This seems to me logical enough.

LEFTY: Yes, if you accept Mr. Healey's premise. But what is his evidence that the unity of the Communist *bloc* is being consolidated? Togliatti's statement? The resolution of the French C.P.? The Poznan riots? Rakosi's refusal to resign? The resolution of the Albanian central committee? For the first time we have the spectacle of genuine—and *unpunished*—differentiations in the Communist world. I don't argue that it is breaking up; but there are welcome signs of fissiparous trends. We should encourage and promote them. We won't do this by insisting on the unity of the West. On the contrary: unity breeds unity. If we refuse to relax, we may force the Communist world to reverse the policy of de-centralisation. It seems to me high time that Labour stopped reconciling itself to a permanent East-West division and began a cautious advance into no-man's land. But it can't do this until it begins to think about foreign policy in specifically Socialist terms.

RIGHTY: A Socialist foreign policy? I don't know what you mean.

LEFTY: Well, perhaps somebody should write a paper about *that*.

PAUL JOHNSON


KREMLIN, DECEMBER 23. 1932.
MY WILL
COMRADE KRUSHCHEV
HAS OF LATE SHOWN VERY
I'M A TORY
SORRY
DANGEROUS TENDENCIES OF CONCENTRATING COLLECTIVE LEADERSHIP IN HIS HANDS. MOREOVER, HE IS RUDE AND INDULGES IN CAPRICIOUS BANQUET-BANTERING. I RECOMMEND THAT THE PARTY SHOULD APPOINT AS NEXT SECRETARY A COMRADE MORE POLITE, MORE PATIENT, SOMEONE LIKE COMRADE BUKHARIN, ZINOVIEV, KAMENEV, RYKOV, VOZNESENSKY, - BERIA, WHO WILL ALWAYS BE ABLE TO EXERCISE SUFFICIENT CARE IN USING HIS POWER.
LONG LIVE OUR GREAT LEADER J. STALIN!
NYET
TITO
LONG LIVE OUR GLORIOUS COMRADE STALIN!
SIGNED: J. STALIN
P.S. I never did like comrade Vladimir Ilyich Lenin and his revolutionary, cosmopolitan, liberating ideas!

On his visit to the U.S.S.R. in 1952, Vicky obtained this original of Stalin's "Political Testament," the authenticity of which, at first denied, is now confirmed.

London Diary

Sex, after all, is the most reliable of circulation boosters, and I can forgive the *Daily Mirror* for exploiting the very attractive vital statistics of film stars. But I get angry when it demands repressive legislation against street walkers. In advocating action on American lines to "clean up London," it has apparently forgotten what its own reporter, Ralph Champion, wrote from New York two years ago. He described the "girl traps" which plain clothes police set on Broadway. Prostitution being illegal in New York, the police get convictions—and promotion—by enticing girls into apartments with them. As the chief magistrate of New York pointed out, it is the "kids from the country" who get roped in; hardened prostitutes can recognise a policeman a mile away. There is no short-cut solution to the problem of prostitution, and I hope the Wolfenden Committee which is now studying it will not be influenced by sensational newspaper campaigns. Not to be outdone, the *Empire News* has been running a series by Fabian, former head of the vice squad at the Yard. "Eleven prostitutes walk the streets of London today for every one before the war. These figures are official," he proclaimed the other day. A curious reader wrote to the Home Office to check up on the facts and has sent me their reply. These figures are *not* official, says the Home Office, and adds that in the opinion of the Commissioner they are "probably very wide of the mark".

* * *

The *Sunday Pictorial*, even more alive to sex appeal, can claim that its "virgin birth" stunt has been a service to science. Indeed Dr. Balfour-Lynn, the doctor in charge of the tests, has stated in the *Lancet* that the investigation "was made possible only by the publicity given by a mass-circulation journal." But does that entitle any newspaper, by full-page photographs, screaming headlines and identification by name, to label an eleven-year-old girl as a freak? The evidence of "virgin birth" in this case is not conclusive. Balfour-Lynn in the *Lancet*, where the woman and her daughter were disguised by anonymity, said: "This mother's claim must not only be considered seriously, but it must also be admitted that we have been unable to disprove it". The evidence from blood tests could not, of themselves, prove virgin birth. The other test, which would have been more convincing to biologists, was that of skin-grafting. If, genetically, mother and daughter were identical (with no genes from a male) then skin-grafts from one to another would have "taken" and the graft should have survived indefinitely. The graft from daughter to mother was shed in four weeks and that from mother to daughter in six. Although Dr. Balfour-Lynn found in the failure of this test only a reason to doubt the test itself, biologists would take a lot of convincing that this failure was compatible with virgin birth. A good deal of the substance of the case for virgin birth in this instance therefore depended on blood testing, and Dr. Balfour-Lynn thanked Professor J. B. S. Haldane for helping with the "statistical evaluation of the serological data". But Professor Haldane, whose wife, Dr. Helen Spurway, first raised the possibilities of "virgin birth" in the human species, has written indignantly to the press saying in his opinion that "the evidence adduced by Dr. Balfour-Lynn leads to the opposite conclusion"—that the child in fact had a father.

* * *

The promotion of two ordinary murder stories to the top of a column on *The Times* main news page on Tuesday, confirmed my impression that most of the papers (obvious exceptions are the *News Chronicle*, *Manchester Guardian*, *Observer* and *Reynolds*) are still trying to wreck the chances of the Silverman Bill. Even the *Daily Mirror*, which has consistently supported abolition on its leader page, could not resist the allure of giving up its front page to "the first no-hang murder". The sudden general exploitation of race-gang news (which is available at half a dozen London magistrates' courts, year in and year out, for anyone who wants it) also seems to me highly suspect. One pays the various editors the compliment of supposing that they know what they are doing. I don't know whether anyone has yet actually asserted that murders have increased since the Home Office accepted the policy of automatic reprieves after the House of Commons resolution in February. What I do find is that in these three no-hanging months (March, April and May) there were 45 murders; in the corresponding three months of the previous year there were 52 murders, and in the year before that the figure was 54. But I don't expect the *Daily Express* to print these statistics and I'm no longer sure about *The Times*.

* * *

Because Arthur Miller was going to marry Marilyn Monroe, millions of people have learnt for the first time that Americans can be denied a passport because someone in Washington thinks this a suitable punishment for having once held wrong opinions. This has drawn world attention to the latest investigations of the Un-American Activities Committee which, I am sorry to see, is also hounding Otto Nathan, Einstein's close friend and literary executor. Nathan, you recall, won a sensational lawsuit last year, when —after more than two years delay—he forced the State Department to give him a passport so that he could come to Europe to settle Einstein's affairs. The Committee has now ordered him to hand over this passport, and is indicting him for contempt because he refuses. Nathan says that it cannot need his passport as evidence (he is willing to read everything it shows into the record); that it is his personal property and physical proof of his right to travel, as established by the Court of Appeals in Washington; and that its seizure would be an unlawful infringement, not only of his constitutional rights, but of the rights of the judiciary which ordered the State Department to issue it. He has also refused to answer questions about his opinions on the grounds that such questions violate the First Amendment. Nathan, I notice, is one of those who believe that one should not plead the Fifth Amendment (which protects a witness against self-incrimination) for he holds that it in effect recognises the right of the Committee to inquire. By choosing the First Amendment (which guarantees freedom of speech) he challenges the right of the Committee to make any investigation of private beliefs and associations. But why, in the world, should he have to plead anything?

* * *

A friend who went to Sir Oswald Mosley's meeting in Trafalgar Square on Sunday tells me that about 500 people had gathered by 3 o'clock when the meeting was due to start. "Working men, mostly," he said, "with a few leather-jackets towards the front. Several Indians and Africans. A jocular group of university students on the lookout for trouble. And, of course, the odd representative of the down-trodden middle-classes. The proceedings opened with a harangue on European Union from a woman who looked like a prison-wardress. As she drew to a close, we heard the rat-tat-tat of drums coming down the Strand. A score of flag-bearers appeared and draped themselves over the pedestal of Nelson's Column. It began to rain, first a drizzle, then really hard. About half-past three the Leader skipped on to the platform, in a dapper, dove-grey suit, rather like an elderly actor-manager greeting his audience after a long tour in Australia. There were boos, catcalls, and, from the front, shouts of *Sieg Heil*, with the odd Nazi salute sprouting up between the umbrellas. Mosley has worn well and is still an excellent speaker, but he has very little to say nowadays." His subject, it seems, was European Union—which no one, except perhaps Winston Churchill, has ever succeeded in making anything but a bore. Towards the end of his speech the crowd began to drift away and the meeting broke up in rain-sodden silence. My friend adds, surprisingly: "What struck me in listening to Mosley was that, when I shut my eyes, his voice was indistinguishable from Sir Anthony Eden's!"

* * *

Ever since the "disgrace" of Djilas two years ago the Yugoslavs have been at pains to prove how differently he has been treated from Russian leaders who fall foul of the party line. But the Labour Party has never been happy about his fall and there has been increasing uneasiness about reports of petty persecution to which he has been subjected. I don't know the rights and wrongs of the latest complaints which he has been ventilating in the *New York Times*, but what interests me is the violence with which *Borba* has reacted to Morgan Phillips' recent intervention on his behalf. Morgan Phillips took it upon himself to write what he describes as a personal note to Tito as an old friend. Tito's only reply was to hand the letter over to Vlakhovitch, the man responsible for the party's international relationships, who has given it the full cold war treatment in *Borba*. I can well believe that Morgan's letter was irritatingly "tutorial" in tone; but why elevate a private resentment into a public brawl? I gather that Morgan denies that he circulated his letter to other Socialist Parties, as Vlakhovich claims; all he expected was a personal reply to a private letter. The incident has created ill-feeling on both sides at a time when Tito seems particularly anxious to show that his revival of official relationships with the Russian Communist Party need not make any difference to his western contacts. The Yugoslavs have another grouse against Djilas; they could not approve of his describing Krushchev, in the American press, as an "affable brigand completely devoid of principles", just as Tito was paying his triumphant visit to Moscow.

* * *

I am delighted to see that the National Council, which claims to represent the citizens of Monaco, is pressing Prince Rainier for a variety of reforms. Two of its complaints are æsthetic. I sympathise with both. After all the fuss made about Grace Kelly, it is really a little hard that the citizens of Monte Carlo should see so little of her. The second complaint is much more serious. They demand the most formal and sacred promise from the Prince that he will never allow another sky-scraper to be built on the water-front. Nobody who has not seen this new outrage can imagine how shocking it is. The exquisite little town climbs up a hillside from the harbour; the colour and grace of its buildings are unsurpassed. Now in the front and centre a 15-storey horror blots out the scene. If the citizens of Monaco wish to maintain their reputation as well as their liberties, they should insist, not merely that no other such building should be put up, but that this one should be pushed over into the sea.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The middle classes, he insisted, deserved a break before their backs were broken. They had sold their homes, spent their savings and were losing their independence. Some had even been obliged to send their children to State schools.—Lt. Col. Bromley-Davenport, reported in *News Chronicle*. (W. Gardner.)

"The return of the Liberal party to a position of real authority, whilst inevitable, must probably be accepted as a somewhat long-term prospect."—Mr. Geoffrey Acland, former chairman of the Liberal party executive. (X. Y. Z.)

Anything that belittles or mars a wedding ceremony must have a bad effect on marriage itself, and we certainly cannot afford this in the world today. Personally, I deplore archways of hockey sticks or cricket bats, even though these do not raise the moral problem that beer bottles do for many of us.—From *War Cry*. (Ian Weinberg.)

He said: "All the parties are nudists, except Mr. Clements, who denies it, but he had a picture in the nude taken in someone else's house.

"People who are nudists cannot be quite the same as other people.

"I have been shown photographs which are quite remarkable."—Report in *News Chronicle*. (B. Munro.)

Grass Roots

In Poland a local party secretary had welcomed the decisions of the 20th Congress. But he added: "it all makes my work a lot more difficult." This remark stuck in my mind. Might not the harassed local bureaucrat, whose work had been made "a lot more difficult," perhaps be the man of the year in the Peoples Democracies? Later, in Budapest, tired of hanging about and waiting for half-promised interviews (which never materialised) with the Hungarian leaders, I decided to look a little more closely at the problems of the small men. Would it be possible, I asked the Foreign Ministry, for me to forget about Rakosi for the morning and interview a very minor, very unimportant party official?

Too much surprised at this bizarre request to be able to think quickly of a reason for refusing it, they said yes; and next morning I presented myself (with interpreter) at a large shipyard on the Danube in a northern industrial suburb of Budapest. The main gate was flanked by two gigantic, supposedly realist, and depressingly epicene statues of a male and female worker. Over the entrance was a red and gold banner proclaiming the establishment an "outstanding factory." At the head of the main staircase stood busts of Lenin and Stalin. The party secretary's office was decorated by life-size photographs of the heads of Lenin, Stalin and Rakosi.

There I met Lajos Balogh, the party secretary of the shipyard, and Ferenc Czeller, his propaganda secretary. Both are full-time party officials. Together they are responsible for 1,200 party members organised in 20 separate branches in the yard. Balogh is about 48 years old and has worked for 25 years in the same shipyard—the last seven as a full-time party official. More than six feet tall, he has a hard, rough, handsome face, greying hair, huge hands, slow movements and a forceful deliberate way of speaking. He is visibly an honest, good man. I've seen convenors of shop stewards on the Clyde who look and talk in just the same way.

Czeller is younger, smaller, quicker, craftier. He worked in the yard for 16 years as a turner before becoming a full-time propagandist. He is still on the right side of 35; and, while it is difficult to imagine Balogh far from the clatter of the rivets, Czeller will probably move on in due course to a higher party office and carry a brief case to his work.

First I asked them to tell me about the organisation of the party in the yard. And then, as they began to loosen up, I gradually steered the conversation in the direction of my Man of the Year. How had the new conditions, I asked, affected their work? Were their members prepared to take the responsibility of criticism? "Criticism," said Balogh, the light of battle in his eye, his last reserves breaking down, "we officials have hardly been able to stand up to the criticism. You can't get away with the stock answers now. We used to say 'Comrade, it is a decision of the party'; but now we're expected to explain why. You've got to be on the alert and looking ahead all the time nowadays to keep out of trouble."

The criticisms, he went on, are not concerned only with the details of daily life: most of the theoretical problems are also discussed. He cited as examples of "theoretical" problems recently debated in the shipyard, "a policy for Socialist agriculture" and "the correct division of national resources between productive investment and consumption." The deputy editor of *Szabad Nép* (the official party paper) had recently visited the shipyard, and had been received with a storm of criticism because his paper continued to concentrate on detailed criticisms of individual failures—"the supply of screws," said Mr. Czeller darkly—and did not adequately explain national problems. Both my informants tend to be rather sardonic about the role of newspapers in society. "You don't want to judge this country by *Szabad Nép*," said Mr. Czeller; "the last word is *here*." And Mr. Balogh looked bashfully down at his enormous feet, modestly flattered by his subordinate's vote of confidence.

I thought the time had now come to move on to more delicate ground. What, I asked, had been the immediate impact on his members of the 20th Congress and the exposure of the Stalin cult? Balogh gave me a long, shrewd look, and there was silence for about 20 seconds while he took his decision. Then he decided to talk. "Shock," he said briefly. "And not only the members; me too. We couldn't believe it at first." But they had to believe in the end; and so I asked, very gently, what about the photograph of Stalin on the wall, the bust on the stairs? "Well," he said, "we try to see it all in perspective now, the good points of Stalin with the bad. At first, criticism of Stalin seemed to us to be criticism of the Soviet Union itself; and that we couldn't accept. Even now, there's a lot that think it would have been better not to publicise Stalin's mistakes."

Would they like to tell me in more detail how the news had been received and how they had tackled the problem of discussing it with their members? I hardly dared to ask this question for fear that too great inquisitiveness might make them shy off the whole subject. I needn't have worried. Mr. Balogh is a man of decision and, once he had decided to talk, nothing I could say would stop him. The criticisms of Stalin at the 20th Congress had begun to leak out by rumour and in the press, before there was any official communication from the central committee. Immediately, the party members began to bombard the branch secretaries (and they in turn the party office) with demands for an explanation. In the course of a day or two the uproar in the yard grew so great that Balogh took the emergency step of telephoning the party's central secretariat and demanding the presence of a member of the politbureau to give some guidance on how the situation should be handled. The response was a visit, post-haste, from Antal Apro, Rakosi's principal hatchet-man and just about the highest-powered emissary who could have been sent. He managed to fortify the spirits of the local secretariat sufficiently to hold the situation in check until the formal report from the central committee—including a précis of Krushchev's speech—arrived, as I understand, a couple of days later.

This document was read by Balogh to a closed meeting of the 500 "activists" in the yard. The debate which followed lasted, on and off, for 48 hours in private session and included 35 speeches from the floor. (I forgot to ask whether the yard reached its output norms for the month of February.) What were the principal points made? "Where were the other Soviet leaders and what were they doing all this time? Why was all the leadership so slow to notice what had been going on? If things were as bad as all that, how had the Soviet Union managed to build Socialism and win the war? What safeguards are there to prevent all this happening again? I couldn't answer them," said Balogh, "but fortunately they mostly answered one another in debate." Did they come to the conclusion that there were any safeguards, I asked. "The workers now believe that their own individual vigilance is the sole safeguard," replied Balogh; "after all there is now free discussion inside the party—that debate proved it." And Mr. Czeller said again: "The *last* word is here."

After the meeting of the activists, branch secretaries read the central committee's report to their members and instructed them in its significance. At this stage the complete Krushchev speech was certainly not released outside the central committee. Later, Istvan Kovacs, the secretary of the Budapest district committee (and, I think, just possibly a dark horse in the race to succeed Rakosi), made a lengthy tape recording for the instruction of party activists, and this purports to include the whole of Krushchev's speech. Copies of this tape now exist in each of the Budapest district committees. Balogh and Czeller have both heard it and have passed on their own version of its contents to their propaganda groups. They tell me that they have not seen a full text of the speech in documentary form, but consider that the whole thing was included in the Kovacs recording. I have some reason to think that they are mistaken in this and that they have never had access to an uncensored text.

That, then, is the story of how one group of Hungarian workers saw the light. The whole process—from the time when rumours first began to circulate until the rank-and-file membership was in possession of all the facts which it now has—took about four weeks. I must add, in fairness to Balogh and Czeller (I hope they don't get into trouble for talking to me so freely, because I liked them both) that they assure me the debate ended with expressions of respect for Rakosi and solidarity with the central leadership. Rakosi visited this shipyard personally in the middle of May and was given, they tell me, a warm welcome by the 3,500 workers. I don't doubt the truth of these two statements. Balogh and Czeller, like the majority of junior party officials, are loyal Rakosi men and obviously they handled their problem with considerable skill. I think they're even pleased, in a way, with the turn things have taken. But their job is what it always has been—to secure the loyalty and discipline of their members. And it is obviously "a lot more difficult" than it used to be.

Budapest JOHN FREEMAN

Twentieth-century Socialism?

THE group of men and women who call themselves "Socialist Union" have always been a bit of a puzzle. On the one hand, they are given, in their collective pronouncements, to large ethical generalisations which set the goal of Socialism in high idealistic terms and offer fundamental criticisms of the ignoble elements in contemporary ways of life. But with this high idealism they combine a markedly right-wing or "moderate" attitude on almost every issue of current Socialist policy: so that they often appear to be urging Socialists to be very, very careful not to press the case for Socialism too hard and even, under the pretext of "re-thinking Socialism", to throw a large part of it, or even its essence, away. In particular, they are so hostile to, and afraid of, what they call "totalitarianism"—a word which they use very freely, and in a very wide sense—as to convey the impression that they regard capitalism, with all its faults, as greatly preferable to any Socialist system to which the "totalitarian" label can be plausibly attached.

This mixture of idealism and compromise comes out very clearly in Socialist Union's new Penguin volume.* In the arrangement of this brief book the idealism comes mostly at the beginning and at the very end: the "new thinking"—and the compromises—come in the middle sections; and the reader becomes aware only by gradual stages how far-reaching they are. The culmination is on page 146, where it is categorically laid down that "a Socialist economy is a mixed economy, part private, part public, and mixed in all its aspects." We are there told: "What has to be rejected is the idea of transformation through total public ownership: that leads only to totalitarianism." Please observe that the authors are not saying simply that it is necessary to pass through a mixed economy as a transitional stage: they are asserting that a mixed economy *is* Socialism, not a step on the road to it. Nor do they mean merely that it is undesirable to set out to nationalise all industries, even in the long run, and that it is better to look forward to a mixed system within which nationalisation will exist side by side with municipal and Co-operative, and perhaps with other forms of "socialised" enterprises. They do say this elsewhere, and few Socialists are likely to disagree with them on that issue. But in the passage just cited they are asserting much more than this: they are arguing for a permanent continuance of profit-seeking capitalist enterprise as an indispensable element in a Socialist society. How large an element they do not attempt to say; but clearly a quite substantial one, which is to be prevented from wrecking the Socialist element by a varied assortment of public controls.

The big question this remarkable re-definition of Socialism raises is whether the projected co-existence of public and capitalist enterprises is compatible with the values of a Socialist society—values that are eloquently proclaimed in the opening chapters. In these chapters the reader is told with great emphasis that "Socialism is about equality"; and the meaning of the word in its Socialist context is lengthily explored. We are there told that "the elimination of class distinctions is a measure of the achievement of equality." True, we are also told that "income equality could only be enforced by a political tyranny at the cost of economic stagnation"; but it is also clearly stated that really large differences of income are incompatible with the elimination of class distinctions. Yet how can such distinctions be got rid of if there is to remain a capitalist sector conducted for profit under private ownership and management?

The nearest thing to an answer offered in this volume seems to be that a democratic society, by means of taxes and controls, can restrict the rewards accruing to owners of means of production to any extent it wishes, and that in practice industrial enterprises are run by managers and not by their shareholders: so that private enterprise can be made consistent with Socialism by limiting the owners' profits and by converting the managers to a code of professional conduct consistent with Socialist objectives. A great deal is said about this soul-change in managerial attitudes as a key factor in the development of a Socialist society; and no doubt such a conversion is much to be desired. But is it really common sense to envisage a private enterprise sector in which the owners are allowed very little material benefit and the managers manage, not in the interest of the owners, but in the service of the community? I for one find such a notion entirely unrealistic.

Indeed, the main criticism I have to offer of Socialist Union's approach is that, in its exaggerated fear of what it calls "totalitarianism", it has thrown Socialism overboard. I agree entirely that it is most undesirable to concentrate all power in the hands of the state, and that universal state Socialism would be a system most perilous to human freedom. I agree that there should be many different and complementary forms of social ownership and administration, of which Co-operative ownership and administration are among the most important. I agree that decentralisation, both local and functional, is imperatively needed, and that the aim should be to diffuse responsibility over a very wide field and in the hands of a wide variety of organisations and groups. But this can be done, and a sufficient measure of competition maintained, without invoking a continuance of capitalist enterprise, which will inevitably carry with it a survival of the very false values which Socialist Union elsewhere so strongly denounces. Again and again in this book the authors pertinently ask why we should expect workers to feel a sense of responsibility for serving the community by good work when the work has to be done at the orders of irresponsible profiteers. They recognise that the public ownership of an industry in itself does little or nothing to alter the workers' attitude when they are living in a society based on profit-making and class-privilege. I do not see how these attitudes are expected to alter unless we get rid of capitalism altogether and find ways of conducting all essential forms of production under a variety of arrangements broadly consistent with Socialist values.

A very large section of this book is given to a discussion of "industrial democracy"; and with much that is said in this section I cordially agree. Nevertheless, when I had finished reading it I was quite at a loss to understand what the authors really want. They begin by dismissing as false and impracticable the notion that the workers can manage industrial enterprises for themselves, or that majority voting is a proper method of arriving at industrial decisions. They continue with a strong defence of trade unions and of the benefits of collective bargaining, in the course of which they make very sensible and pertinent observations about the need for trade union decentralisation, especially to the workshop or establishment level. Incidentally, at this point they appear to reject any sort of wage-planning, though I find it very difficult to imagine a Socialist society existing without a national wage-policy. They then go on to explain quite correctly why joint consultation so often fails to work or to bring about any real change in industrial class-relations. But then they go on to urge the necessity of an immense development of this very process of joint consultation, and of its conversion into a real participation in control, without ever explaining either how the change is to be brought about or what they mean by this "participation", if it is not to involve voting or the "workers' control" which they reject.

This book has much that is fine to say against a merely materialistic conception of Socialism that rests on an acceptance of capitalistic values and aims at no more than the highest possible production coupled with more equitable distribution of what is produced. The authors write with high—indeed, over-high—appreciation of the actual achievements of the welfare state in these respects; but they also recognise that Socialism means much more than material welfare, because it involves a deep transformation of human values and a new way of life based on human fellowship and social equality. But the means they propose seem to me not merely inadequate to achieve these ends, but inconsistent with them at many points. Above all, there is no appeal to any sort of militancy—no sense of class-struggle, and very little sense of struggle at all. Not that the limitations of the welfare state are not recognised: they are, even if its effects in actual redistribution of incomes are greatly exaggerated by failure to analyse the real distribution of tax burdens. But the way of advances beyond the welfare state seems to be regarded as mainly a matter, not of either political or industrial action, but of the transformation of values by a process of ethical conversion. Such a process is greatly to be desired, and indeed true Socialism cannot work successfully without it; but I also hold that it cannot be brought about by mere preaching—to which Socialist Union is somewhat unduly addicted—and that changed institutions consistent with Socialist values are the indispensable instrument for bringing such a transformation to pass.

In short, this book suffers badly from the illusions of what Marxists call "petit-bourgeois idealism" and from an under-estimation of the need for a fighting working-class anti-capitalist drive as the impelling force towards a Socialist society. I do not complain of it for being high-minded: I try to be high-minded myself. I do complain of its authors for having been misled, in their panic about totalitarianism, into such silly statements as that (in reference to the Soviet Union) "it is an even sorrier fate for the worker to be at the mercy of the state than to be the victim of private capitalists." That much has been done badly amiss in the Soviet Union I entirely agree; but it is surely nonsense to suggest that the Soviet worker does not enjoy in most matters—for example, in educational and social opportunity—an immensely enlarged freedom which does not lose its value because it does not extend to politics—however deplorable such a restriction may be. It is surely the merest

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defeatism to throw Socialism away because it can be perverted to serve totalitarian ends. The objective of democratic Socialists, of whom I am one, is to establish a Socialism free from this perversion—not to throw out the baby with the dirty bath-water.

G. D. H. COLE

Loyalists in League

ON June 27, as Labour M.P.s went to South Africa House to protest against Mr. Strydom's racial segregation policy, a loudspeaker belonging to the League of Empire Loyalists blared in Trafalgar Square. These Labour men were, it shouted, "left-wing subversives" whose "only concern is to make the black man supreme over white men in Africa." The League appealed to Mr. Strydom to drop his republican ambitions so that they could rally behind his "fight for white leadership . . . let Dutch and British South Africans work together against left-wing subversion." That night, League activists, recruited from all over Britain, and headed by the white-haired A. K. Chesterton, converged on a Movement for Colonial Freedom meeting on Kenya at Conway Hall. "How you hate your own people!" Chesterton shouted when Eileen Fletcher described factually the injustices to Africans in detention camps. Leslie Hale and Fenner Brockway were repeatedly interrupted with shouts of "traitor," "renegade," and "you should be hanged." The League's Midlands organiser, Colin Jordan, was asked to leave, and two arrests were made.

The League's first big splash came last October when a member of this group hauled down the United Nations flag after a ceremony in Trafalgar Square and trampled it in the mud. Nearby a League loudspeaker van blared: "Put Britain's flag first!" "Stand by the Empire!" and "Rule, Britannia." Next month Earl Russell learned that "traitor" was an epithet for those publicly advocating world government. "We must put an end to war . . ." began Earl Russell, when he was interrupted by the shout: "Have you ever fought for your country?" In the ensuing commotion a Union Jack was slipped over the One World emblem. Sir Anthony Eden was dumbfounded when, in the midst of his Bradford speech in January, the League's secretary, Miss M. C. Greene, shouted into his microphone: "The British Empire is the greatest force for peace the world has known. You are throwing it away!"

During Georgi Malenkov's March visit, the world press told of the League's van, playing Chopin's "Funeral March," which followed him emblazoned with: "Keep the Red Beasts Out." "Sir Anthony Eden has just shaken hands with murder!" shouted the League's secretary through a portable amplifier at Victoria Station when Krushchev and Bulganin arrived. That day members delivered a 10-foot long wooden spoon to 10 Downing Street for Sir Anthony to sup with. The same evening the security men at the Royal Opera House foiled the attempt of six Loyalists to march down the aisles carrying a banner "Free all Soviet Slaves." The League kept its protests within the law, declining the proposal of the "Mad Major," Christopher Draper, who flew under 15 Thames Bridges in 1953, to "bomb" with leaflets the Soviet cruiser.

The day that the Singapore talks broke down, the Chief Minister, David Marshall, was heckled with a vehemence which covered its anti-Semitic bias. He was finally drowned out by the League's portable amplifier: "Singapore is British, Mr. Marshall . . . You could only misrule it . . . The League of Empire Loyalists demands that Singapore shall stay British. Before Britain created it, it was a swamp. Now you are turning it into a swamp of blood, Mr. Marshall . . . Run, Mr. Marshall, before it is too late . . ." A few days later Father Huddleston was baited at Rugby for encouraging "Negro scum" to "African racialism."

The *Daily Express's* refusal to name the League as the author of such "exploits" as the Marshall disturbances, made the Empire Crusader the next target. On May 16 a van toured the *Express* area blaring: "You claim to speak for the Empire. You claim to oppose internationalism. We *do* speak for the Empire. We *do* oppose internationalism . . . Why do you operate a blacklist?" Next day two League members took their portable amplifier into the *Express* newsroom where it boomed: "Mr. Christiansen . . . take the chains off the Crusader—the League off your blacklist. We are the only, active, Empire-wide organisation . . . fighting for the cause you pretend to uphold." The *Express* began crediting the League with its "exploits." This demand was a result of the League's new hope that it could reach middle-class, Empire-proud Conservatives who read the *Daily Express* and *Daily Telegraph*. Conservatives are told they have been "damnably betrayed—and by the British Conservative Government."

Provocative tactics at public meetings had their first real work-out on June 8 when Leaguers shouted about the "barbarities perpetrated by Mau Mau" during a Movement for Colonial Freedom meeting to protest against repression in the colonies. After repeated interruptions, the chairman, Fenner Brockway, asked the stewards to eject them. The League's Deputy Chairman, red-bearded Austen Brooks, complained he had to cut off the tie by which he was dragged out. Its Midland organiser, Colin Jordan, alleged an African steward hit him on the head with his shoe. "BROCKWAY'S THUGS ATTACK LOYALISTS" was the headline in *Candour* describing the meeting. This little-known weekly fathers the League of Empire Loyalists and provides its basic theory. Only the most widely acceptable aspects of this theory are ever voiced in public by League publicity seekers. *Candour* is edited by A. K. Chesterton, former Deputy Editor of *Truth*, and Austen Brooks, son of Collin Brooks, former editor of *Truth*. When Collin Brooks sold *Truth* in March, 1953, many of its displaced sentiments found a home in *Candour*.

The League is sponsored, for one, by Elizabeth, Lady Freeman, widow of the late Air Chief Marshal Sir Wilfrid Freeman, Chief Executive of the Ministry of Air Production from 1942 to 1945. The 76-year-old Field Marshal Lord Ironside of Archangel recently agreed to join the League's National Council. Despite the brass, there is the distinct odour of 18B about the organisation. Its organising secretary, Miss "Leslie" Greene, who interrupted Sir Anthony and shouted at K. & B., is the daughter of "Big Ben" Greene, who quit the Labour Party in 1938 because of its "war policy" and then helped to organise the British People's Party. He was arrested in May, 1940, and served 18 months in Brixton prison as an 18B detainee. He is now a League member.

Candour has its own theory of recent history, suitably doctored so as not to offend the susceptibilities of the disgruntled middle-classes.

> We think it almost certain, for instance, that the Queen has no notion that Communism began as a Jewish financial conspiracy. . . .

Had the Palace subscribed to *Candour* Her Majesty could have "learned" that Jewish Wall Street bankers and their relatives in Imperial Germany financed the Soviet Revolution and

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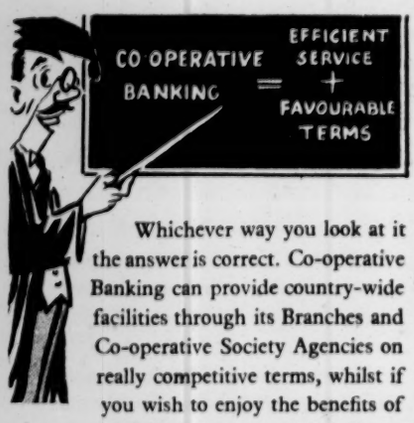
> The British Government's astonishing action in granting safe-conduct to Trotsky to return to Russia from Newfoundland and take his full part in the butchering of Britain's Russian allies.

Palace ignorance of the "Jewish financial conspiracy" is also blamed for the Duke's decision to attend the "orgiastic licking of Jewish boots"—the Guildhall commemoration of the 300th anniversary of the return of the Jews to Britain—"wearing a Jewish skull-cap".

The United States is viewed with the distaste not only of an imperial competitor, but as one of the instruments of a fiendish conspiracy to deprive Britons of "their world heritage." Before David Marshall came here last December, *Candour* shrilled that "Malaya, Singapore and Indonesia are clearly to be 'Marshalled' as one vast economic unit for the greater profit of Wall Street and for the eventual swallowing of the entire area by the Red Empire. . . . The thing is so mysterious that one wonders whether during the war Churchill signed, in response to Baruchian pressure, a secret agreement embodying some kind of time-table for our various scuttles."

"Whether Nehru is a conscious agent in the plot to Bolshevise the world I am not sure," wrote editor Chesterton. The most withering scorn is poured on those who suggest replacing the rule of Britons by that of Africans or Asians. Malcolm MacDonald is virtually guilty of "constructive treason" because he said colonialism is becoming out of date. The next worst crime is advocating intermarriage, or "mongrelising". The news that Sir Leslie Plummer wrote to congratulate a constituent about to marry an African enfaged Austen Brooks, who suggested that he run next time on the slogan: "Vote for Plummer and a Mulatto Britain." The "Black Invasion" runs anti-Semitism close as a theme for the League's propaganda. "Exiles returning home after several years abroad are amazed and appalled at the number of black faces encountered in the streets of London and other cities. . . . Karl Marx said that as the British were too stupid to make their own revolution, foreigners would have to do the job for them." Today, "these scores of thousands of invaders" could provide "colossal mobs" which "would be as invaluable in the streets of London and Birmingham as were the men of Marseilles whenever it was deemed necessary to stage riots in the streets of Paris during the French Revolution." But it was *Candour* that wrote recently: "the battle for white leadership in Africa . . . must be fought out . . . in the streets and meeting-places of the British Isles".

ANDREW ROTH



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Thoughts on the Outsider

Two clever young men, newcomers on the scene, have done very well this summer out of what one of them calls *The Outsider*. This newcomer is, of course, Mr. Colin Wilson, whose dashing study of *The Outsider* has had such a well-deserved success. The other is Mr. John Osborne, whose first play, *Look Back In Anger*, itself a full-length portrait of a *lumpen* Outsider, pulled so many persons of distinction into the Royal Court Theatre, after having had some dismal notices from the daily press, like many another first play trying to say something. The gossip writers have told us that both these clever young men have been on the telephone all day and half the night refusing, accepting, or agreeing to consider, wonderful offers from publishers, editors, play and film producers. And if this is true, then I for one am delighted, all the more so because after thirty-five years as a professional writer, years during which many of my friends and I have done pretty well in various departments, I have never succeeded in penetrating into, never have had any first-hand experience of, this world the gossip writers know in which the telephone fairly blazes with dazzling offers.

So it looks as if these young Outsiders are after one bound further *In* than most of us have ever been, living as we do in some modest suburb of the spirit, neither quite Out nor In. Now they will have to be very careful, dined and wined as they will be by some of our most artful Insiders. For example, Mr. Osborne has in him a streak of Barriesque gooey sentimentality, which already can see husbands as bears and wives as teeny-weeny squirrels, that he will have to restrain when the Insider boys go after it. Edwardian though I may be, I should like to see him harder not softer. I say Edwardian, because his chief character, the *lumpen* Outsider, is caught reading one of my pieces in this paper, and dismisses it and me as so much Edwardian nostalgia. A bit much, as people like to complain, seeing that most of my contributions to this paper have been attempts to take a genuine look at our present time—discovering, for example, political apathy about two years before the politicians and leader-writers found it out.

There are some strange goings-on in this play—for childless young women rarely start ironing about six o'clock on Sunday evening, and by that time most young men with a passion for the Sunday papers have read them hours before—and too many essential points are not made and other points made too often; but it held my attention (even if I did not roar my approval as often as the *lumpen-intelligentsia* that night in the audience seemed to do) just because it is a reasonably honest portrait of a young man of our time. This young man was rotten with self-pity—his girls were worth ten of him—but that does not make him less representative of this age. (Many successful American novels, like the reviewers who praise them, are also loaded with self-pity.) His tragedy is that while he has enough zest and energy to keep his loud complaining talk going night and day, he has not sufficient to make more of his own life and to help other people to make more of theirs. As he sees himself, he is a revolutionary without a cause. He arrived just after the revolution that never happened. Our politicians can do nothing with him, because they cannot inspire him—and he needs to be inspired—and they cannot successfully nag him, if only because he never stops nagging himself. He ought to emigrate to a country where he can either man the barricades or make some quick easy money and spend it riotously. Low-level security, perfect for people who are anxious not to die rather than to live, is not what this type needs. He is, in his own way, one of Mr. Colin Wilson's Outsiders.

Mr. Wilson's book, as so many people have already pointed out, is a remarkable production for a young man of twenty-four, although, as nobody seems to have pointed out, it is also the kind of book you want to write when you are twenty-four and, if you develop (as Mr. Wilson shows every promise of doing), when you are forty-four wish you had not written. Part of its success—and this takes nothing away from Mr. Wilson's achievement—is due to the fact that our more mature critics ought to be writing books with this breadth and attack, and are either too timid or too lazy to do it. So Mr. Wilson, piling up his notes in reading rooms and then desperately tearing into the big job, well deserves to succeed. He is all over the place, bringing in every name he can remember, but it is fun lumbering after him. There is some rough going on the way. He seems to me to lump together, simply as Outsiders, too many people who are sharply and often profoundly different. And the dichotomy of Outsider and Bourgeois is altogether too simple. Like most clever young men, hurrying home with a pile of books and glowering at the passers-by, he magnifies the gulf between men of genius and ordinary stupid people, and is too certain all the latter are what they appear to be at a first impatient glance. He cannot believe that stockbrokers may have strange dreams, that butchers cutting off chops may be touched with intimations of immortality, that the grocer, even as he hesitates over the sugar, may yet see the world in a grain of sand.

This brings us to Blake, who is included among Mr. Wilson's Outsiders. But a category into which can be shovelled Blake and Sartre, van Gogh and Bernard Shaw, George Fox and Nijinsky, is becoming altogether too broad. Mr. Wilson even accepts the last published work of H. G. Wells, *Mind At The End Of Its Tether*, as proof that Wells, just before he died, changed from Insider to Outsider. But Wells was always less of an Insider than Mr. Wilson imagines—he could be described as an Outsider at heart always vainly and impatiently trying to find an Insider's cure and solution—and that strange psychological document, *Mind At The End Of Its Tether*, seems to me a projection on to the universe of his own dissolution already accepted by his unconscious. Again, while it may be true that all Outsiders cannot complacently accept this world and this life, feel that all is strange and unreal, and

must tell the truth at all costs, their personalities are so widely various, they represent so many different psychological types, that any discussion of them based on their common likeness does not take us very far. And clearly a man might be an Outsider and not be a genius nor yet have any recognisable talent, but just be an endlessly tiresome talker, like the young man in Mr. Osborne's play. There are more of these Outsiders than there are of men with genius or talent, but Mr. Wilson keeps clear of them in his book, just as the rest of us try to avoid them in life.

Even Outsiders with genius or great talent are often seen to be lop-sided, too introverted, unhappily egoistical. If they are artists—and serious contemporary art, in almost all forms, is now often held to be the product of this temperament and of no other—their work may have a strange fascinating intensity, almost a hypnotic power, and yet leave us feeling dissatisfied and uneasy. Nor does this mean that it is disturbing our bourgeois complacency, for we may not have any to disturb. (The really complacent bourgeois do not bother about serious contemporary art.) We may feel dissatisfied and uneasy because this art is not giving us what we want from art. Sometimes it is as if we went hungry into a restaurant and were served with broken glass. I remember a few years ago, when somebody close to me was desperately ill, wandering round the West End one afternoon, just for a brief break, and coming upon a shop that had just been opened, to offer us all that was most significant and searching in the art and letters of our time. I knew there would be no soothing syrup in that shop, did not expect it, but did think there might be something that would give a lift to the spirit. But no such luck. The massed Outsiders glared at me out of ruin and horror.

But who, Mr. Wilson will ask, are responsible for this ruin and horror? The Insiders, he will triumphantly reply. But if the Outsiders have all the genius and great talent, could they not occasionally cast about for something that might possibly inspire Insiders with a little courage, faith, hope? Insiders change too, and now are hardly the complacent bourgeois of Mr. Wilson's text. After all, this is 1956, not 1856; people are reading Bertrand Russell and Arnold Toynbee, not Macaulay. I write as one not entirely committed by temperament to either party, being an Inside Outsider or an Outside Insider, for I have it on the highest authority that I am balanced between extreme introversion and extraversion. But while I have a natural sympathy with most rebels, while I understand more or less what the serious Outsider artist is up to, I can never help feeling uneasy and vaguely depressed when I run into the whole procession of Twentieth Century arts, for example in such a book as William Gaunt's *The March Of The Moderns*. What a weird gang it is! What a hell broth and Bedlam of appalling handicaps—like a doctor's museum and a psychiatrist's casebook—that have to find compensation through this wealth of talent! And how far gone our society must be if all its most representative art must be fetched from the misfits! Where now are all the glorious old Insider Artists, who were the ordinary men of their time writ large, who created out of an abundance of energy and joy, who praised God for all their fellows? We are trapped now, it seems, in a most vicious circle, for we work to produce ruin and horror, our artists are those on the Outside who have a blazing vision of this ruin and horror, we turn from life to the arts to encounter more ruin and horror, and in our despair, finding neither the courage and hope to do better nor even the will to endure, we pile up the ruin, heighten and deepen the horror. Mr. Wilson declares—and I agree with him—that the Outsider demands a religious solution. But if the Outsider is poisoned by an embittered egoism, if he wants to hurt and not to heal, if there is more hate than love in him, if he uses his gifts to deny the essential goodness in life, always adds ruin to our ruin, horror to our horror, can he bring us nearer to that solution? We are waiting for God, not for Godot.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Fleet Street Notebook

How far is the British newspaper-reading public to be regarded as permanently divided into two inimical groups more or less immutable in character, and separated by a no-man's land into which only the most foolhardy of publishers will venture? This is a question which has troubled serious newspapermen for quite a time.

So far it must be confessed the answer has been a notably dusty one—and getting dustier. It is, of course, true that here and there an oasis may be seen in the desert that stretches between the readers of *The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Observer*, the *Sunday Times* and the more solid of the provincial morning papers, and the amorphous millions who gulp down the *Mirror*, the *Express*, the *News of the World*, the *People*, the *Sunday Pictorial* and the rest. Largest and most verdant of such oases, of course, is that occupied by the *Daily Telegraph*, prosperous and assured as ever with its million-odd middle-class readers, all of them encouraging prospects from the advertiser's point of view. The *News Chronicle*, with reinforcements from the North to help it, is now fighting back the encroaching sand that threatened it. But over the whole expanse of national and provincial newspapers, the prospect grows not less but more arid.

This is particularly so in the Sunday paper field. Here the dichotomy that now characterises and bedevils British journalism manifests itself with peculiar force. It is this fact which makes the experiment now being carried out by *Reynolds News* so fascinating and socially so important. The career of *Reynolds* since it first came under Co-operative ownership has been chequered in the extreme. It has on occasion been brilliant, more often dull, at times frankly sensational and salacious—seeking and failing to find its proper place in the tangled hierarchy of the press. Some time ago, driven by the economic pressure of falling circulation to the most desperate courses, it adopted a policy of sex and sensation which rivalled the most blatant of its Sunday rivals in the frank search for the lowest common denominator of public taste. Its reward was a substantial rise in circulation—and a sharp and salutary fall in political influence. With considerable courage and a re-awakened sense of social responsibility, the editor and directors suddenly decided, in the full flush of this dubious success, to call a halt to the profitable rake's progress on which they found themselves embarked. They abandoned crime and salacity and watched circulation zoom downwards again with dizzy momentum. A period of notable uncertainty during which the paper seemed incapable of making up its mind as to what it was aiming at followed. This has now passed. Over the past few months a positive policy has been followed which has already produced remarkable results in turning *Reynolds* into a genuinely intelligent and often exciting popular paper of

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the Left. New regular features have been introduced, most of them excellent both in presentation and serious content. The scope of the paper as a journal of information and interpretation has been greatly widened, and such books as Father Huddleston's *Naught For Your Comfort* and the Beatrice Webb *Diaries* effectively serialised. These are now being followed by a characteristic series by Priestley on the present mood of Britain; and a series by Earl Attlee, giving his impressions of the great figures he has met during his long political life, is shortly to begin.

What *Reynolds* is now in fact trying to do as a matter of carefully planned editorial policy is to experiment in trying to find and hold a public mid-way between that of the *Observer*, *Sunday Times* readership and that of the mass popular Sunday papers. Whether it will be able to make such a policy economically viable in terms both of readership and advertising revenue still remains to be seen. So far the new policy has brought a good deal of praise from Co-operative and political groups sympathetic to the paper, and a notable increase in its prestige. It has not yet made any particular impact on circulation.

The experiment is not likely to bring quick results by commercial standards. But it is abundantly worth making. *Reynolds's* directors are to be congratulated on being prepared to take the risk of making it, and the editor on the skill he has so far shown in carrying through a quiet but far-reaching revolution in policy. I wish him every success. If he achieves it the outcome will be important not only to Labour journalism but to all journalism. The no-man's land that has grown so wide and seemingly so impassable during the last twenty-five years or so is one of the great challenges that faces the newspaperman who takes his profession seriously.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

It is more than two hundred years since Drambuie was first brought to Scotland by Bonnie Prince Charlie. The pleasant custom of drinking a liqueur becomes, with Drambuie, part of a tradition that has its origin in the colourful days of the eighteenth century.

Drambuie

The Arts and Entertainment

The Breeze at Covent Garden

THE future of Covent Garden, that hardy annual of British controversy, has blossomed splendidly this summer. We were all enjoying the show, and smiling at some of the more outrageous flowers of national logic, when the comedy turned overnight, if not into tragedy, at any rate into something unforeseen and most unwelcome; nothing less than the threatened resignation, before he had had a chance to show his hand, of the new Musical Director, Mr. Rafael Kubelik.

How did it all happen? First, Lord Waverley announced that, if the government could not increase the rate of subsidy so as to meet the constantly rising level of costs, it might become necessary to shut down; his statement was supported by an interesting pamphlet, obtainable from the Opera House for a shilling, called *Review 1946-1956*. Mr. Martin Cooper of *The Daily Telegraph* then argued that Covent Garden should, in any case, be abandoned as our national opera house because it is too big for English voices. Thereupon everybody weighed in. Old singers said that *they* used to have plenty of voice; Mr. Christie boomed reproachfully from deepest Sussex; Mr. Kubelik said that English singers had lots of voice but were hampered by inhibitions which they should be helped to shed; and Sir Thomas Beecham thundered, "Of course Mr. Martin Cooper is entirely right and those who disagree with him are entirely wrong. Anyone who has not got ass's ears on his head . . ." and so forth, following up this *Telegraph* article with a long letter to *The Times*, in the course of which he complained of Mr. Kubelik's appointment, not on the ground that he had shown his incapacity for the task, but because he was "another foreigner." In the face of this attack, Mr. Kubelik, who has a proper admiration for Sir Thomas as a great musician and as the doyen of English conductors, and perhaps does not realise that he is also one of our great national comic turns, attempted to resign and was with difficulty persuaded by the Board of Directors to reconsider his decision. Meanwhile Mr. Rosenthal, in a letter to *The Times*, neatly demonstrated Sir Thomas's irresponsibility as a controversialist by contrasting his present attitude with his declared aims at Covent Garden shortly after the First War.

In this perennial controversy—or rather in this set of interlocking controversies—no one is ever entirely right or entirely wrong. The task of presenting an international operatic repertory in England is disagreeably complex; there is no simple and universally acceptable solution; whatever we do must be a compromise. What does seem a little odd, and more than a little unfortunate, is the choice of this particular moment in Covent Garden's history to propose sweeping votes of no confidence and blithe schemes for abandoning the lovely old house with its splendid acoustics. No one, I hope, will accuse me of being a blind partisan of Covent Garden. In its early post-war days I made no secret in these columns of my conviction that the operatic side of its work was in the wrong hands: the singers ill chosen, the orchestra rough, the stage designs outlandish, the productions absurd. But since those days there has been an immeasurable improvement; during the four years' interregnum (1951-1955), when Covent Garden had no Musical Director, the frequent presence of absolutely front-rank conductors, such as the late Erich Kleiber, Clemens Krauss and Issay Dobrowen, and more recently of Rudolf Kempe, has transformed the musical scene out of recognition; while the staging of the operas has simultaneously shown a steady advance—to which general trend I hope that last year's silly *Tannhäuser* will prove an isolated exception. That the Italian wing of the repertory lags behind the German is not to be denied; but might we not at least wait a year or so with our denunciations and our radical projects in order to see how things are going to shape under the theatre's new Musical Director?

As to the financial side of the question, it ought to be realised that the £270,000 allotted this year by the Arts Council, which sounds so vast a sum to the inexperienced and can be so easily represented by the popular press as "reckless expenditure of public money," is, in fact, a relatively small figure. By "relatively small" I do not mean merely that the sum is a drop in the ocean of an atomic test, but that the Vienna Opera receives nearly three times as much and the two Paris opera-houses between them five times as much, whereas Lord Waverley is modestly asking only for a further £80,000 to make ends meet. He has been able to make ends meet hitherto only by raiding the profits of the Ballet Company's American tours—a device which cannot be indefinitely relied upon and which is, in any case, unfair to the Ballet. At one time it could justly have been claimed that Covent Garden was extravagantly run, but not, I think, today; the fact is that adequate opera, anywhere on earth, has become an enormously expensive undertaking. Reports and balance-sheets are bound to speak of the "losses" incurred during a given period; and the word is apt to offend the taxpayer, who may not care whether or not the Post Office makes a loss, but obscurely feels that a theatre should either show a profit or at any rate break even. A truer way to express the situation would be to say that it "costs" a certain sum to maintain large-scale opera and ballet at Covent Garden, just as it costs a large sum to maintain the National Gallery and the British Museum. All three institutions draw large attendances and meet what is evidently a public need; but no one expects either the Gallery or the Museum to pay its way. The citizen may perhaps feel, again in an obscure sort of way, that in the possessions of the National Gallery he owns something tangible which could in an emergency be realised, whereas expenditure on an opera-house simply goes down the drain; but that is an unreal objection, since in practice this country does not sell its national treasures however hard up it may feel. Our expenditure on the National Gallery and the British Museum is every bit as much a direct cultural outlay as is the Arts Council grant to Covent Garden. If we think Covent Garden ill run, it is perfectly legitimate to demand a change in the management; it is not legitimate, but merely uncivilised, to deny the theatre the funds which it needs in order to perform its proper function.

What of the contention that Covent Garden is unsuitable, because of its size, for English voices? There is some truth in this, but it is not the whole truth. To begin with, Covent Garden is not so enormous: it is smaller, for instance, than both La Scala and the Metropolitan—and smaller than Drury Lane! What counts there, as elsewhere, is not mere brute volume, but firmness and purity of tone; some of the voices which have won the greatest success there have been by no means large. Think of Elisabeth Schumann (who once told me that the Albert Hall was perfect for a singer!); think of Joan Cross or Maggie Teyte or Lisa Perli (Dora Labbette). Who ever had any difficulty, at Covent Garden or elsewhere, in hearing John McCormack or Ben Davies, Robert Radford or Norman Allin? It was not mere volume, I fancy, which made every note and syllable of Santley or Sims Reeves tell throughout the vast spaces of the Crystal Palace. For all ordinary purposes we seem to have produced in the past plenty of good voices; the difference was that they were properly trained. The root of the trouble is not mere want of volume, but

bad vocal projection. All over the world, singing has steeply declined during this century; if at Covent Garden we are made more sharply aware than elsewhere of the decline, it is because we have no state school of opera and almost no natural ladder of approach to what ought by rights to be the top of the profession. It is an over-simplification to disregard all this and to think exclusively in terms of volume.

It is true, however, that Wagner and Verdi, and some of their successors, have demanded for certain leading roles a kind of outsize, heroic voice which is always scarce—especially in England, but elsewhere too, Germany and Italy not excluded. It is a long time since there has been an absolutely first-rate German Brünnhilde or Italian Otello; I doubt if there has ever been an Italian Turandot to equal Eva Turner. Perhaps our most pronounced national deficiency is in the heavy baritone department, since this type of voice is fairly plentiful in Germany, Italy and the United States. For the time being, at any rate, we must continue to import many of our Wagner and Verdi principals, choosing them as wisely and economically as we can; the magnificent achievement of the 1956 *Ring* shows how high a standard can be attained with casts which mix native and foreign elements. We ought to preserve an open mind abou' using original text or translation according to circumstances, remembering that there are many great works which we shall never hear at all if we insist on hearing them in English. International performances, with casts as good as can be assembled singing in the original language, might well be concentrated within a month or so, either in the summer as now, or in the autumn; it should not be thought in any way wrong to use the subsidy in part for this aesthetically valuable purpose, or to charge higher prices for special occasions. Such performances, however "starry," would continue to use our own developing singers in smaller roles, together with our own fine chorus and orchestra—the latter a source of envy to many visiting conductors. What would surely be folly would be to throw away, at this moment, the hard-won achievements of the past ten years, and to invest the proceeds in a project of operetta, opéra comique and "little opera" at the Prince's, the Palace or the Stoll.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A Really Modern Comedy

THE many admirers of Mr. Nigel Dennis's novel *Cards of Identity*, when they heard that it was to be staged, wondered how on earth this could be done. This question is very satisfactorily answered in the current production at the Royal Court Theatre. Mr. Tony Richardson has staged the novel so brilliantly and ingeniously that one wonders, having seen it, why the question ever arose. Of course, the novel can be staged, and perfectly easily—or that is how Mr. Richardson makes it seem. And this is a triumph for the producer and for the admirable work of the whole of the English Stage Company, and by itself would justify their efforts.

Cards of Identity, it will be remembered, is a long sprawling satire, the core of which depends upon the proposition that people nowadays are so little rooted in life that their identities are hardly fixed at all. Mr. Dennis imagines an Identity Changers Club which, using all the latest techniques, practises the art of taking people over and fitting them out with new identities more suitable to their real selves, and doing it so successfully that the victims learn to live their new selves and even, in the best cases, learn to remember their new past. This, it may easily be imagined, is a notion rich in comic possibilities and variations. The first, and best, act of the play shows three ruthless and dissident members of the Club preparing a deserted country mansion for a Club meeting. An impoverished Army captain and his sister are expertly changed into butler and housekeeper respectively. The local doctor is fitted out with a gardener's identity and his nurse becomes his guardian-assistant. If this sounds to those unfamiliar with the novel crazy or silly, it doesn't seem so as we see it being effected on the stage. With a perfectly convincing assurance Captain Mallett, his wife and young Beaufort bring in their various victims, confound, confuse and befuddle them and then set them off happily on the road to being someone else more suitable. Mr. Dennis's dialogue is sharp, biting and very funny, and the set pieces of fake analysis and the like have a wild logic of their own. Mr. Michael Gwynn, Miss Joan Greenwood and Mr. Kenneth Haigh have just the right panache to carry it off, and we are swept instantly into the heart of the fantasy and wonderfully funny it is.

Less easy to cope with in the theatre would seem to be the meeting of the Club, which arrives in full force in Act II. There, it is the practice to rehearse before the members "case histories"—notable examples of uncertain identities collected by Club members. But author and producer have found the way round this, too. The case histories are enacted by the members in charade form, and this has its very funny moments. Two old-fashioned young men, for instance, are inducted into the long dormant office of Co-Wardens of the Badgeries, with a place of honour in all state funerals; and then two BBC commentators follow such a ceremony with all the hushed solemnity of their kind. The pattern of the play is complicated by a superimposed plot—the three dissident members contriving the downfall of the aged President of the Club. Altogether, the comedy is rich, loaded, complex, sometimes baffling, sometimes boring, always highly intelligent, alive, varied, stimulating, irreverent and contemporary.

But then, alas, the reservations must begin. Unfortunately, Mr. Dennis has no notion of when to stop. Many readers (myself among them) found the same fault with his novel, but you can at least put a novel down and give yourself a rest. If a playwright begins to bore, there is nothing you can do except sweat it out. *Cards of Identity* goes on for some three hours. It needs the severest shredding, scene by scene and speech by speech. The plot complications come off least successfully; they obfuscate without adding. With a full half-hour out of it, it could be extravagantly recommended as the best play in London. As it is, it is still one of the funniest, and its humour more adult by far than anything we can see elsewhere. Its faults are mostly the faults inseparable from the adaptation of a novel, and a particularly sprawling and repetitive novel at that. Mr. Dennis will doubtless perceive from this production where he has gone wrong. He will see at once where he begins to lose his audience and learn the art of cutting.

By adding *Cards of Identity* to *Look Back in Anger*, Mr. Devine has certainly made good his promise for the Court Theatre. Here are two plays, written in the most alive and exciting contemporary language, yet of a kind which without the Court Theatre would probably not have been staged. And this is not merely because they are both in form not entirely satisfactory; both are also the kind of plays which commercial managers turn down (rightly from their point of view) as being "not pleasant", as containing the sort of language and attitudes which the average audience wouldn't take. In *Cards of Identity*, for instance, there is a blasphemous sermon which is in terrible taste, thank goodness. (Mr. George Devine gave a wonderful virtuoso display with it.) Someone in the circle protested; others walked out. Splendid! This is surely a sign of life, that our new playwrights get people so worked up that they can actually protest. But of course neither of these plays is a West End play; they are both, especially the second, irredeemably high-brow. What has been in doubt, at least in my mind, for some time has been whether there is a high-brow audience who want high-brow theatre. If there is, they are offered two first-class specimens at the Court Theatre.

T. C. WORSLEY

We Can't be Sure

of hitting the headlines every month, though we've done it remarkably often—with last year's special numbers on Cambridge, Oxford and Science (all completely sold out) and this year's Redbrick and Mental Health numbers (nearly all gone, despite extra-large printings).

But You Can

make sure of future numbers by becoming a regular subscriber. It's well worth the 26s. a year. The July number, for instance, is partly Anglo-American. William Phillips, co-editor of *Partisan Review*, authoritatively explores the current literary scene in America; Geoffrey Wagner has a Limey's night out in Harlem; Marjorie Bremner and Nora Sayre retaliate with their impressions of Britain; and Vilma Howard draws a devastating black-and-white picture of Alabama revisited. Among other good things there are extracts from the notebooks of Simone Weil, that twentieth-century Pascal. Perhaps we should have said sooner

That this is "The Twentieth Century"

26 Bloomsbury Way, London, W.C.1

This week in

The Listener

H. G. Wells and Frank Harris
HESKETH PEARSON

The Return of the Jews to England
CECIL ROTH

Where Buddhism Began
FRANCIS WATSON

Walter de la Mare
JAMES REEVES

New Rooms in the National Gallery
QUENTIN BELL

The Dethronement of Stalin
MANYA HARARI

I Remember
BERTA RUCK

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Telling the World

INEVITABLE as is the ultimate universal predominance of television, it would be a mistake to think of sound-radio as a frail dowager fighting a losing battle against the bailiffs. TV occupies only about three of the thirty-two pages of a pamphlet, recently produced by the BBC for private distribution, in which the BBC's various services are surveyed. This is largely, no doubt, because the pamphlet is primarily intended for the information of people overseas, and its main emphasis, therefore, is on the external broadcasting services; but the scope and volume of the non-TV product is, by any test, impressive.

Consider this initial summary alone:

> In English and forty-three other languages the BBC's External Services are heard throughout the world for about eighty hours every day. This is longer than the output of all the domestic Sound and Television services added together, and includes the transmission of some 48,000 news bulletins and 50,000 talks . . . in the course of a year. Thirty-nine high-power short-wave transmitters are used, of which two, for relay purposes, are at Tebrau in Johore. Recorded programmes are sent to many parts of the world for transmission over local networks.

This service is, of course, even younger than broadcasting itself. It began in a small way, with an "Empire Service" in English, in 1932. Its importance, in an era of the dissolution of empires, may in future be seen to have been historic. It is at least an interesting phenomenon that, as the formal ties of the British Empire are loosened, the imponderable influence of the English language and of BBC culture should be more and more widely diffused.

Moreover, just as England is the mother of parliaments, so the BBC is the mother of broadcasting corporations. Many of the BBC staff are serving overseas, and some of these are helping to create independent broadcasting services on the archetypal pattern—the Nigerian BC, for instance, soon to receive its Charter.

Perhaps the most remarkable of these overseas services is the instructional programme called *English by Radio*. When I last saw the Pope, he mentioned that he listened to this regularly and found it most useful, but that he had been having some technical difficulty in getting it. I passed this complaint on to the Director-General of the BBC—with, I believe, the result that a special set of recordings was presented to His Holiness. Other heads of states likewise improve their English by listening to *English by Radio*; but it is equally of benefit to people of all kinds, including those who start by knowing no English at all. Mr. Sidney Stevens, who runs this service, claims that there is now "abundant evidence" to disprove the warning of the experts who, ten years ago, thought it impossible to teach English from scratch by radio. Those who are learning or have learned at least some English by this means number several millions.

They are learning standard English, not Basic English. A pressing *démarche* by the Basic English Foundation was repulsed, mainly because Mr. Stevens finds that his customers, particularly in Asia, want to learn "real", or pukka, English, not what appears to them to be an inferior substitute.

The government is more directly concerned with overseas than with home broadcasting policy, and special attention is paid to countries "indicated" by the Foreign Office. Nevertheless, *English by Radio* is run "on a shoestring": Mr. Stevens has a staff of only twelve to help him, and they have to run not only the programmes but the business side of the service. This is no small task: sets of four long-playing records, with a well-printed book, are now sold in many languages for a sum equivalent to about £8 (far below the commercial price); each year about fifty members of listening-groups come from many countries of Europe and the Middle East to a summer school in London. (They pay their own fares, and are so keen that this year some of them are paying their expenses here as well.)

Despite government encouragement, there is, for reasons of obvious common sense, no overt propaganda content in *English by Radio*; but the English scene conveyed by it is a pleasant scene. It usually consists of an English family conversation. "It's a *nice* family," says Mr. Stevens, "neither U nor non-U. It's a real effort to send one of the sons to a university. They have an *old* car." Mr. Stevens (who travels the world constantly to sell his admirable export) was attacked in Zagreb once by an earnest Communist woman teacher who complained of this family car and of the fact that Mrs. Grey (the Mrs. Dale of *English by Radio*) had once bought a (cheap) hat in Paris. In this case it was the bourgeois standards of the programme that seemed objectionable; but it is hard to see what else Mr. Stevens can do, within his terms of reference.

A sprightly variant of the Grey family is to be found in *George et Jacqueline*. This is the most popular BBC programme among French listeners; several hundred thousand of them listen to it twice a week. George is an Englishman, married to Jacqueline (French). They indulge in a good deal of mutual teasing about their respective languages.

Perhaps the most significant development of all is that, in the last few weeks, the official Polish radio authorities have begun to negotiate with the BBC. If the negotiations are successful, *English by Radio* material will be supplied to the Poles in English, and translated and broadcast in Warsaw. Direct BBC broadcasts to Poland will also be resumed when jamming stops.

Mr. Stevens's "shoestring" should perhaps be thickened to a hawser.

* * *

The judgment of youth: "Generally when a person gets to be thirty-three years of age, you feel they're on their last legs." (Miss Maureen Connolly, TV-commentating at Wimbledon.)

TOM DRIBERG

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The POLITICAL QUARTERLY
Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

Love, High and Low

FILMS have developed their own kind of overture. This, though conjoined, has two distinct parts, two appeals: to the ear and the eye. The first is nearly always a blast of hideous discordance, giving way to a sentimental tune; the second projects an image, sets a landscape, starts a figure walking towards us, or plunges straight into action. The preamble has established itself as an essential part, like the dumb-show to the play in *Hamlet*; and I nearly always enjoy it, whatever may come after. Too often what has been striking or mysterious will never survive that diaphanous curtain-rise of the titles—all the names of everyone who has had a hand—but at least the instinct to put best first will have provided one instant of pleasure.

Trapeze (at the Marble Arch Odeon) begins with two acrobats on flying trapezes: higher and higher they swing with that disunison exactly timed so that one may leap somersaulting to be caught by the other; there's the leap, the catch; then the hands slip, and after a sickening bounce on the net the flier lies spreadeagled on the floor. With that image the titles float up.

He wasn't killed, only maimed: we see him (Burt Lancaster) long afterwards, furious, limping, still mad on the game. Hands, eye, nerve are as good as ever. And half across the world comes a boy (Tony Curtis) who wants to "fly" in the grand manner, to bring off the triple somersault often dreamt of but rarely seen. He shows off. He cajoles. He follows the crippled master with hand-springs down the street. Reluctantly, angrily, he gets taken on, and is in for a hard training.

But also, of course, from not quite so far has come La Lollobrigida, to work herself into the act, and set off man against man. The thrills of the upper atmosphere must be balanced by the octopus embrace; first one man is in the toils, then the other; then back to the first, and to and fro, till we hardly know where we are; except that all the time the moment of the attempted "triple" draws nearer, and with the initial image of the crashed flier, one shudders for its outcome.

To the notes of Chopin, then, or a slow waltz the sultry drama reaches its climax. What has been missing has been a clear dramatic line, the insistence of life; what has taken its place has been a close packing of thrills, sex, circus oddities, trumpetings of elephants, lion maulings, tragic glances of clowns. Nearly all the scenes take place in a Paris circus, but the effect is synthetic. The director, Sir Carol Reed, has obviously seen Renoir's *The Golden Coach* and been bewitched (as who could fail to be?) by its wonderful sequence of the troupe rehearsing: that magic has been lifted, spread thin, made neither lifelike nor artful, all to provide the filling for a muddled love-story entangled in big thrills that can hardly fail. Burt Lancaster, who gives so much at the beginning that there's not enough left over, and Tony Curtis as the inspired apprentice do very well what they can; and La Lollo does infallibly what she was brought in to do. This film will be enormously popular, as it is obviously intended to be, but as film-making it has sacrificed too much else.

The Parasites (Paris-Pullman) comes down to earth, to that pavement, in fact, so sedulously walked for our entertainment in French films. "This is the story of the private loves of one of the 'girls'"; she doesn't love the middle-aged Corsican who gives her security but no romance, but first loves a pretty slug whom everyone treads on, and then a bold betrayer of his comrades. She tries to get them out in the woods enjoying nature. This has satiric or pathetic possibilities, which the film never masters. It is, as such pieces go, quite amusing; but there has been keen competition in this field. One aspirant became a perfect lady at the seaside, and another insisted on playing the Virgin Mary in a procession. What chance has poor, pale Jeanne?

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Soviet Army Ensemble, at the Empress Hall

This is the way the cold war ends, not with a bang but a chorus. Impressive at first, this Soviet Army choir begins to pall after half a dozen numbers; it is over-drilled, its effects are too dramatic, its style too repetitive. The same technique is applied to every number, be it the march from *Faust*, a Russian or an English folk-song; each one is treated in the grand manner until the audience is stunned by the music, rather than engaged by it. For precision and natural voice, this choir ranks with the best. It is the presentation and treatment that is at fault, and these faults are more marked in the vast barn at Earl's Court, where even the richest voice booms harshly from the loudspeakers into the web of girders. The dances, though limited in range, are good—with the exception of a terrible example of synthetic folk-culture, fit only for the glossy coloured cover of a propaganda magazine. This dance, "Friendship between the Russian and Ukrainian Peoples," was a medley of popular dance styles worked up to make a political point. For most of the audience it was "typically" Russian, and duly applauded; presumably they would accept *Oklahoma* as an accurate picture of American social life 50 years ago. If this ensemble could relax, if it did not carry national prestige so self-consciously, it would be less formidable but far more entertaining. N. M.

Correspondence

THE NEW RIGHT

SIR,—As one of the second line of lower middle-class shock troops whom greater educational opportunities have sent battering against the strongholds of the Establishment I would like to comment upon Mr. Paul Johnson's review of Mr. George Scott's *Time and Place*.

I should first display my credentials: I am 25 and an assistant principal in the Home Civil Service; London born, but of strongly provincial parents on both sides, the son of a minor civil servant, to whom I have been superior in rank from my entry into the service; educated in the local secondary school, then by scholarship as a day boy at a London minor public school, and then scholarship to Oxford.

I do sympathise very considerably with Mr. Johnson's reaction to the outlook and aspirations of many of those who have risen up the educational ladder since the war, and who are now all too frequently concerned to pull it up behind them. A comparison between the stirring denunciations of inequality and the class structure delivered by some of my acquaintances before the end of their university life terminated their radical career, and their present almost hysterical complaints about the erosion of differentials is very distasteful. But it is indicative of much of the short-sightedness and lack of profundity of the thinking of the pre-war upper middle-class Socialist intellectuals that Mr. Johnson appears to find this phenomenon surprising. In any society is it not frequently the case that the "new" men tend to be more avaricious and insensitive to public responsibilities than the entrenched holders of power and privilege who have been in some measure humanised by the passing of time?

A few of us intellectual parvenus are trying to hold on to our youthful Socialist enthusiasms. But I am afraid that we do not get much comfort from the established oracles, particularly what may conveniently be described as the NEW STATESMAN school. There is still far too much facile and unsubstantiated optimism on the Left—a good recent case is a ridiculous article in this journal on Poland, by Mr. Crossman, a few weeks ago—a far too general refusal to face unpleasant facts, and a failure to appreciate that social progress in some directions may create other new, if smaller, problems.

I must strongly dissociate myself from Mr. Scott's condemnation of the intellectuals of the 1930s, however much they may appear to be a crowd of delightful old sillies. They represent one of the most encouraging features of modern English history; the fact that a section of the "boss" class always seems to be capable of realising that something is greatly wrong with the existing order and that something should be done about it. Long may such people flourish and let us welcome more sympathetically the Etonian and Wykehamist toffs into our ranks.

In its present concern with promoting equality I hope the Labour Party will not ignore the question of the "local boy who makes good." As the State is rightly paying more and more of higher education, it should have more control over the remuneration of the beneficiaries of this expenditure. In spite of everything the prospective financial rewards of the successful intellectual are far far greater than the boy he leaves behind at 11 plus. To a very considerable extent this difference is unjustifiable for much of it is but a form of Ricardian economic rent for his greater intellectual endowment, for which, of course, he can claim no personal credit. Mr. Scott should realise how lucky he is to have a washing machine, even if he has to use it as a desk.

CIVIL SERVICE LUCKY JIM

SIR,—I have always admired the creative imagination of many of your book reviewers, but never more so than in Mr. Paul Johnson's review of my book, *Time and Place*, in your columns last week. I thought I had been free enough with my generalisations to keep even a NEW STATESMAN critic well-fed; but Mr. Johnson's appetite was clearly left unsatisfied for he had to invent a lot more of his own. Having done so he generously attached these opinions to "Mr. Scott and his friends" and went on to reprove us for holding them. For instance, he wrote: "They take arrogant pleasure in listing the books they have not read and do not intend to read." Where did Mr. Johnson get that idea? Not from my book at any rate. I believe Mr. Kingsley Amis, in a review in the *Spectator* recently, said something rather like that. Was that what Mr. Johnson was thinking of? But what Mr. Amis may say has nothing to do with me. I happen to admire his comic invention a great deal but I have never met him and therefore it is hard to see how he can be called one of my friends. The men of the "New Right," as Mr. Johnson labels us, are perhaps curiously reserved about claiming the friendship of strangers.

Mr. Johnson ascribes many other attitudes of mind to "Scott and his friends" for which there will be found no justification in my book. But there is no denying that he possesses an original talent. His criticism of my book opens up an altogether new line in book reviewing which I hope may become known as the Johnson Line and bring him the repute he deserves.

"Mr. Scott and his friends . . .", he writes again, "are more interested in transubstantiation and table-manners than the fate of child-prisoners in Kenya." Now at no time do I discuss transubstantiation or even mention it. I spend a digressive page on the subject of U, non-U and m.i.f. Most of it is spent in mocking at the whole idea. But Mr. Johnson, being a very serious-minded man, probably does not expect his authors to laugh at anything, not even themselves. Finally, I did not write about child-prisoners in Kenya because at the time I was writing my book neither I nor anyone else in this country knew anything about child-prisoners in Kenya. By means of this startlingly new technique of reviewing, Shaw could have been accused in *Man and Superman*, say, of being more interested in sex and motor-cars than in atom-bombs.

GEORGE SCOTT
Truth. *Editor.*

A SLIGHT CASE OF APARTHEID

SIR,—I am a South African born and bred, and as eager as anyone to see the end of racial intolerance and segregation and apartheid. I have just been in Salisbury, discussing this very subject as it affects the new university with all sorts of people there. "Socialist" is quite right: none of us Africans on the spot is objecting to segregated sleeping and eating, in the first place. The thing, *we* say, is to get a multi-racial university established; and we feel Dr. Adams is right to emphasise, in the first place, inter-racial mingling in everything else. We'll wait for the sleeping and eating. It is as simple as that.

We were a little sorry that Dr. Adams laboured those reasons about racial "staple foods," African polygamy, lack of hygiene, etc. This struck us as unnecessary, for we feel that, in fact, university-level types (of any colour) in a purposefully "westernising" society all have similar ideals in hygiene, staple foods, marriage, etc. Geoffrey Gorer's well-meaning defence of "African hygiene" (!), "preferred manner of eating," is misplaced on Southern Africans; being denizens of multi-racial countries we are integration- and westernisation-minded, for better or for worse . . . and we believe it's for better!

NONTANDO JABAVU CROSFIELD

P.O. Box 142,
Kampala, Uganda.

SIR,—Would not the rational course be for Rhodesian Africans to accept the proposed university—which must after all carry them further from educational segregation than anything has for a long time—while making it quite clear that they do not accept even the limited degree of segregation it does contain, and intend to work in a reasonable, friendly but utterly determined manner for the abolition of all forms of segregation when they can get it?

J. G. A. POCOCK

St. John's College,
Cambridge.

SIR,—I cannot adequately express the shock and disappointment with which I read your article on the new inter-racial university in Central Africa. To us in South Africa it is such a tremendous step forward towards a healthy future for the Federation and, by its influence, for the Union. If liberal opinion in England, to which S.A. Progressives look for encouragement, can be so niggling in its criticisms it is indeed a lonely battle that men like Dr. Adams have to fight. South African Nationalists discount English criticism of their racial policy by saying that it is based on ignorance of the true situation, and is unreasonable in its demands. By condemning the

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JONATHAN CAPE

new university because it does not immediately allow complete integration in every single aspect of intimate social life (although it goes a very long way towards it) you have given justification to the Nationalist plea, and by failing to discriminate in your condemnation between what is wrong and reactionary and what is a very brave progressive step you have sadly debased the currency of legitimate overseas criticism.

St. Francis Priory, P. L. MUNNS
Kroonstad, S.A.

TWISTING THE POODLE'S TAIL

SIR,—Your reviewer seems to have crammed the maximum of irrelevant disparagement into his notice of my book *The Reluctant Legionnaire*. May I take him up on some of his more obviously ingenuous assertions?

"The Foreign Legion is now little more than the equivalent of our own Pioneer Corps," he writes with apparent authority. It may be true (I say it in my book) that the Legion's most important peacetime occupation is building roads, but should the Mess at Sidi Bel Abbes happen to take in the NEW STATESMAN and this brash pronouncement be read by the veterans of Bir Hacheim, Dien Bien Phu, Madagascar, the recent anti-fellagha operations in Tunisia and Morocco and the current activities in Algeria, I think he would find himself even more *persona non grata* in that town than I am.

Then your reviewer rumours that "there are at least two organisations—one in Geneva and one in Tangier—which will make all the arrangements" for removing a reluctant legionnaire. The point of including this otherwise gratuitous information is to suggest that my journey was not strictly necessary. I can assure him that my friend's family had explored all official channels without success; had they or I known your reviewer at that time his shady information might conceivably have been of interest.

He then ungallantly describes how Lady Marye Rous, who had to return to London while the expedition was still in progress, arrived in the office where he worked and "poured forth a confused story of legionnaires, escapes and newspapers." He tells this tale in order to illustrate a lack of discretion on the part of the protagonists in the expedition. The lady in question was certainly indiscreet, but she presumably did not imagine that your reviewer, who was in fact a friend with whom she stayed on her way through Paris, would be guilty of a far more serious indiscretion in immediately discussing her confidences with his French colleagues.

The French, he goes on to say, told him that "it was indeed true that an English newspaper was effecting the escape of a certain Legionnaire Fenton; and that the authorities were anxious that this should be accomplished as soon as possible in order to avoid undesirable publicity." It is perhaps necessary to read the book in order to see that this tale is obviously untrue. . . .

As regards my own part in the affair I should like to refute your reviewer's insinuation that people should read my book "with the same scepticism they reserve for the more sensational type of *Daily Mirror* article." Since I state in the preliminaries that "the events took place as described" he seems to be casting doubts on my integrity. In fact the story is heavily corroborated and the approach studiedly unromantic—intended to be in direct contrast with the "more sensational" press reports quoted in the last section of the book. He seems to have missed the whole point. MICHAEL ALEXANDER

THE SUNDAY STAR

SIR,—I have, up to the recent controversy in your journal over the Newsagents' Federation's policy, been an admirer of Mr. Francis Williams, but having read that he says the Newsagents' Federation demanded 33⅓ discount from the *Sunday Star*, without first ascertaining from our Federation whether this was so, shakes my faith in any of his future opinions. Mr. Williams in his reply to Mr. Kingsley tells us that we should demand better terms from both old and new publishers. Mr. Kingsley answered him on that, but I would like to emphasise that our head office have asked, cajoled, negotiated, for better terms for years, but the publishers say no. We cannot demand, like the printers and railwaymen. Surely Mr. Williams can see the crux of the issue. If we accept the *Sunday Star* terms, what chance would we have in any future negotiations with the publishers? They would turn to us and say, "Our terms must be all right or you wouldn't have accepted the *Sunday Star* on terms which are the same as ours."

Furthermore, we newsagents know it would be questionable whether we would gain by another Sunday paper. Customers would most probably stop the *Graphic* and *Pictorial* to take the *Star*. We can judge our customers' pockets. Lastly, a multiple store with branches throughout the country has a right to refuse any enterprising line if it does not consider their price competitive. Whether they are killing enterprise or not they have to live, and so, too, have newsagents who are at last tired of being at the end of the line, and victims of various strikes.

National Federation S. H. LEATHERS
of Retail Newsagents, *Branch Secretary*
Liverpool.

COMMUNISM AND NATIONALISM

SIR,—It is very difficult to understand Mr. Crossman's criticism of Mr. Laqueur's book *Communism and Nationalism in the Middle East*.

Mr. Crossman notes that in dealing with the lamentable social and economic conditions in Iraq, Mr. Laqueur did not refer to the work of the Economic Development Board. In fact the effect of the E.D.B.'s activities on the general economic situation in Iraq is negligible. Like the distribution of some of the Shah's estates in Persia, it is one of those palliatives which do not form "the other side of the picture" but merely blurr the true dismal picture.

According to Mr. Crossman the present regime of Egypt has made "not inconsiderable efforts" to help the fellah. But the results are rather meagre. In 1953 Hussein Fatemi declared that between 3,000,000-4,000,000 feddan of land were to be distributed among landless peasants. However, at the following anniversary of the National Revolution, Gamel Salem stated that only 500,000 feddan would be distributed and even this modest target would be reached "sometime in the future." The plight of the fellah justifies the view that, as in pre-revolutionary China, the landless peasants of Egypt represent a formidable mass of potential Communist supporters.

Mr. Crossman's criticism is based on the fact that Mr. Laqueur, being an Israeli, was unable to travel through the Arab countries and obtain "first-hand information." However, the findings of all those who were on the spot were readily available to Mr. Laqueur. They consist mainly of private conversations with Arab potentates and intellectuals, and for all their occasional flamboyance, they throw, very seldom, new light on the developments in the Arab World. Indeed, I am not at all sure that visits to the hospitable countries of the Middle East are necessarily conducive to an objective appraisal of the situation in the area.

Although Mr. Laqueur has not had the good fortune to discuss world affairs with Arab leaders, he has produced an admirable balance-sheet in which he proves that their deficiencies are greater than their achievements. There can be no doubt that these deficiencies facilitate Communist penetration into the Middle East. LIONEL BLOCH

105 Hamilton Terrace,
N.W.8.

BRECHT

SIR,—As one who has devoted a considerable piece of his life to translating Bertolt Brecht, I may be permitted to say that your profile of him was a very curious and unreliable affair, and I think the bits about America should be corrected. What is the evidence that Mr. Brecht was "arraigned" by any person or organisation in the United States with the power to "arraign"? Mr. Brecht was not a prisoner but a witness, and was thanked and complimented for his pains by Parnell Thomas, who was in charge of the proceedings. ERIC BENTLEY

New Republic,
Washington D.C.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Conducted Tour

THE International PEN Congress is about to open in London. We shall soon be asked a number of earnest and surprising questions. Last year, in South America, in Lima, in Santiago, in Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, I was, for example, asked "How about fantasy in England? How is your dream literature?" I thought this was a dig at our failure to produce another Lewis Carroll but the question was pursued. The South Americans wanted to know how we were getting along with novels without plot or even characters, with stories of pure mood. They were thinking of surrealism, of Kafka and also of prose poetry. I had to say that we had nothing in this department. They looked at me with scorn.

And then we shall be asked, where are literary circles? At which cafés do the coteries meet? What is the present state of manifesto writing? Where does Thought go on? What priests, which cabinet ministers, which ravening hostesses or intellectual *dames sans merci*, are feeding off which groups of poets and novelists; which publishers are in prison; where the points of conspiracy are; who has broken with whom? There will be the matter of our trends and our tendencies, the strategy of literary war. We shall be obliged to explain away the ugly fact that nearly all English writers and editors are on speaking terms. We shall also have to explain that they do not often meet because they are bored with talking shop. And when asked where shop is, we shall have to say feebly that it is anywhere. In clubs writers avoid one another. What about the religious revival, the social conscience. Poujadism, escapism, engagement? What about this new thing called Hard Luck? What about the destruction of the professional classes? The English mind cracks up before the prospect of these questions. If we answer we shall land ourselves in intellectual difficulties we had never thought of. We can't even remember the names and certainly not the addresses. What we obviously need is a book which will do a good deal of it all for us. That we now have in a symposium, written for the occasion and edited by John Lehmann*. J. I. M. Stewart writes about the state of biography, Francis Wyndham and Philip Toynbee on the novel, Roy Fuller and G. S. Fraser on poetry, Paul Bloomfield and L. D. Lerner on criticism, T. C. Worsley on the theatre, and Miss C. V. Wedgwood speaks for the historians, and Maurice Cranston on the state of thought. The PEN delegate who masters this useful volume will be well-informed, indeed much better informed than we are ourselves.

Where are literary circles? Mr. Francis Wyndham points out that in England literature exists without publicity. We cannot see Mr. Lehmann or Mr. Spender at their lasts in the shop window; we can can see M. Sartre at his. There is no night club called The Unquiet Grave, no plastic bar where one can find Mr. Kingsley Amis. If one catches them early enough one may spot the latest successful young man or young woman being entertained at the Ritz; and there must be some window in that building from which he or she is eventually thrown out because they disappear rather fast. Where do they disappear to? There are no colonies as in New England, there are no State hostels. One sees an occasional writer caught in the swing door of the BBC.

> The isolation of the English writer is worth emphasising, as it is peculiar to this country distinguishing the position here from that in France or the United States.

(There one combs the summer schools and universities.)

> As is well known French masters are taken and take themselves extremely seriously: they make pronouncements on political, religious and social controversies, often publishing their journals in which they reveal their relations with each other; and the results of the competitions for the great literary prizes are awaited as eagerly as the results of sporting events and political elections.

The writer who is a public figure is a spasmodic occurrence with us. We had Shaw, we had Wells, before them there was Meredith, after them who? Possibly Mr. Priestley. On the whole, we venerate old age. An old man is generally our universal Utterer.

> The public grants English intellectuals a privacy that is even denied the Royal Family and they use it to achieve an independence, not only of the public but also of each other. They are comparatively lonely figures and do not form a class; the word "intellectuals" has a meaning that does not apply here. If this solitude contains an element of pathos, it surely provides the best possible condition for creative writing, while limiting the scope of criticism which, in England, is liable to be tentative and dispersed, altogether less respectable than it is abroad; more people read the creative writers than what is written about them and a particularly dangerous form of literary inflation is avoided.

Slow to gain his place, the English writer is slow to be forgotten.

There is no imaginary world called Literature in England. There is in many other countries and especially in those where professional authorship does not exist. We do not have the organised self-consciousness of the Americans. We do not have books like *On Native Grounds*. The loss, as Mr. Wyndham says, is in criticism, and I hope that he means by that the sort of guidance and directing of development which we get from belonging to a group or a movement. But here, once we are set on our course, there will be no more personal criticism. No group hangs together long. Politics or religion do not unite or divide us. We disappear to the country or to the outlying district and there thrive on a dreamy, lazy, vegetable or botanical existence. There the writer grows on his own, according to his peculiar species and puts out his strange blooms. Tolerantly he regards the other writers in the English garden as scandals of nature: the brooding turnip, the symbolic red-hot poker, the secretive onion, the peach complacent on the wall or the artichoke unproductive this year. When he visited England some years ago, Sartre regarded us all as negligible. Like many Americans, too, he felt we lacked seriousness, system, programme. We simply gossiped. Asked about the ideas of So-and-So, we replied with the eccentric details of his last private pollination.

The foreign reader of Mr. Lehmann's book will turn with most interest to Mr. Philip Toynbee's essay on the claims of experiment in the novel which has something of the Boulevard Saint-Germain in it, and to Mr. L. D. Lerner's article on the New Criticism. There is no professional Englishness and dodging away here. There is an un-English attempt to put the fertiliser of the abstract idea and the intellectual purpose into the garden soil and to look for stronger rather than stranger growth. For a good many years now we have been complacent about our sensibility, our crankiness, the virtue of the eccentric and the egocentric, and the importance of these things in preserving freedom and personality. We have certainly kept our personality in an unfree world. We are near enough to our own period of power to be sustained by the family sense and memory of it. We might ask the French visitor how his country maintained its intellectual power long after it had passed out of the centre of the political. I do not know what the French answer would be but I am sure that, as far as we are concerned, it is no good "preserving freedom" in little vestiges; we must create it in the new circumstances. We must recognise we are now a continental not an island nation.

It is weakness of Mr. Lehmann's book that he confines himself to Letters. Letters no longer exist as an independent craft. There can be very few writers who are not involved, at sometime or other with the mass media, but except for one reference to the broadcasting of poetry, there is nothing on the subject in his book. What does the terrain of personality and freedom look like in television? We have the freedom to be odd, isolated and ourselves in England; but what about the freedom not to be odd, what about the freedom to be individual in a new direction? If this is impossible in the mass media; if the cultivated modern bureaucracies, such as we have, are over preoccupied with educating the public, where is the satire? If welfare makes people angry, why is the anger so small, pettish, self-contradictory and confined to the small personal island? Have we exhausted the capacity to fight for things outside ourselves? If we feel suicidal, *en route* for destruction, why not say so with passion, or if not with passion, as if we were interested?

A country which has given up great political power and much of the wealth that goes with it will be closely regarded for signs of decadence by our visitors, for signs of the in-turned, self-consuming mind. Our visitors will remember the robust qualities of our tradition. They will look at the English novel, for example, and recall that it was formless but covered much ground; that it had a luxurious flora of large, strange characters; our eccentrics, like Sterne, were on a large scale and were exportable. Our realists were vigorous, our Puritans resolute, our Cavaliers elegant and presumptuous, our men of the world sure of themselves, our sermonisers eloquent and picturesque, our spinsters formid-

* *The Craft of Letters in England*. Edited by JOHN LEHMANN. *Cresset*. 21s.

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able, our religious not panicky. The foreigners will also bring up the old business of English snobbery with a nastily timed reference to Miss Mitford. This is a real snag. Yet here we are not without defences. At the time when the English caste system is in bits, new caste systems are springing up in Iraq, in Africa, in China, and—to judge by recent American novels—class consciousness has developed in the United States on a scale which begins to match that of Victorian England. In short the time has come for us to learn from abroad. Do not forget that in the Thirties we had to be taught what the nature of modern politics was by the continent; we might now learn from our foreign visitors that the justification of individuality, and of eccentricity too, is that they must be concerned and creative.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Proper Due

A thin willow hovers here:
Lovely—lovely in spite of
The thick drain oozing near
Between sick banks, a vein of evil.

Lovely because of. . .
For acres of willows look like nothing.
Beauty defines itself against the dirt,
That telling reflection—
Like health against a hurt—
Deep in the dark infection.

Hell is easy to foretell—
Mud without the willow,
Shallow silence with not a single bell,
Still shadow of exhausted monologue.

Hard to envisage Heaven—
Acres of willows, haloes in eternal floodlights,
Ten thousand harps that keep in time?
Our best imagination: sights,
Free and frequent, of the distant slime.

So one returns to earth, to see again
The willow, and to pay the filth its proper due.
That in the end—the very end—one vision
Grows from two.

D. J. ENRIGHT

Drinking Song

Smiling face, smiling face,
Who could ever truly guess
What is done or is not done,
Who has lost or who has won,
In the contest you observe
Behind that mask? We deserve
An open, not an equal, field
Where even distrust is not concealed
But openly but openly.

Laugh with me and laugh with me
Even if deceitfully,
And fill my *saké* cup again
And do not be reminded when
I ape your custom, and you mine,
That all our difference has design,
That we mock most when most alike,
Adopt, adapt what most dislike
So cunningly so cunningly.

But do I hope and do you hope,
Thus naked, that we turn and grope
From hate in you, from fear in me?
These things we let lie silently.
Admire the scroll, discuss the drink,
Hope that the other does not think
Too much what language can't express
Or think what language must repress
To understand to understand.

Tokio. ANTHONY THWAITE

The Price of Faith

Report on the Vatican. By BERNARD WALL. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

I cannot imagine a reader who will not be interested by this book, though serious Protestants may find its levities shocking—they are apt to consider it unfair that Catholics should combine an authoritarian Church with freedom of speech and freedom of criticism. Perhaps they may be inclined to complain that I have the character of Mr. Facing-Both-Ways if I quote with pleasure some of Mr. Wall's amusing excavations from the Eternal City: the standing joke in Rome that the letters of the Pontifical Registration number SCV (*Stato della Cittá del Vaticano*) stand for *"Se Cristo Vedesse"* (if Christ were to see); Pio Nono's fondness for billiards (he once had supper on the roof of St. Peter's and was reputed to possess the evil eye); and Mr. Wall's nostalgic reminder of Alexander VI and his mistress:

> Vasari said that the Madonna with child was a portrait of the Pope's beautiful mistress, Giulia Farnese, whose career was the beginning of the great Farnese fortunes: the girl the Pope adored in his later years when his children were already growing up around him, the girl who caused him so many pangs of jealousy that, on one occasion, when Alexander feared she might go back to her husband to whom he had married her for cover, he threatened her with Apostolic excommunication. . . . Giulia Farnese or not, she is certainly the *femme fatale* for the exasperated sensuality of a strong man in late middle age.

But I would not like to give the impression that Mr. Wall's book is merely a journalist's light compilation. Always easy to read, almost always informative, it can sometimes conceal under its light manner a seriousness that deserves to be called deadly. There is his criticism, for example, of the renewed wealth of the Religious Orders:

> . . . the Religious Orders are once again enormous property-owners. In Ireland they have for long been buying up the great country houses that private families can no longer afford to keep up, thus reversing the development that happened with the Reformation. But by and large in the English-speaking countries, this aspect of religious life is unknown. In Italy, especially in the poorer parts, it can become astonishing and paradoxical. In Rome huge new buildings are going up all the time for seminaries, monasteries and convents. They cost a fortune to build and they are by no means sparing in amenities—other than aesthetic ones. So one gets people vowed to perpetual poverty living in incomparably better surroundings than the ordinary poor of the country, with better food, better clothes, and so on. The real poor are still living half a dozen in a room in huts that let in the wind and rain in winter, and are like furnaces in summer, without bedding, without drains and without any material hope.

We mustn't let our amusement with the picturesque—or the droll (such as the dictionary published by Monsignor Bucci, Secretary of Briefs to Princes, of "new Latin Words for modern inventions, such as telephones, motors and various kinds of explosives") blind us to the temporary and temporal faults of this huge organisation whose only real purpose is the propagation and preservation of Christ's teaching. Because we believe the essential has never been lost, we can be amused up to a point by the faults of conservatism, the elaborations of ceremonial, the small immoralities and dishonesties belonging to any organisation; we can always turn away from Rome to some dry mountainside where a stigmataed priest spends hour upon hour in the confessional attending with kindness and insight to the worries of the poor. Magna Carta has the great resounding clause "To none will we sell, deny or delay right and justice," and this formula is applicable to the Church. In these days—of greater efficiency and greater honesty and far less temptation—there is little danger of justice being sold or deliberately denied, but it can very easily be delayed. Some

feel it was so delayed in the case of the worker-priests and of the Jesuit teachers of Lyons: others may think the gift of faith may be delayed by the hearty materialism of the Church in North America. Mr. Wall writes:

> A Catholic of my acquaintance confessed to a priest that she feared she was "lacking in Faith, Hope and Charity." The priest, who had a strong brogue, said: "I'm not interested in these airy-fairy things; have you eaten meat on Friday, now?"

Most Catholic writers, I suppose, receive a good many letters from would-be Catholics or from lapsed Catholics who have got into the hands of just such unthinking men. The price of faith as well as liberty is eternal vigilance.

GRAHAM GREENE

A Prospect of New Rome

Byzantium and Istanbul. By ROBERT LIDDELL. *Cape. 25s.*

About few cities can it be so difficult to write convincingly as about Constantinople. The contrast between the distant prospect, which can hardly disappoint even a youthful imagination fired by the persuasive prose of the Rev. James Mason Neale, and the closer view revealing an unglamorous urban squalor unparalleled outside the Irish quarter of Boston produces, inevitably, an inhibiting revulsion. Moreover, while monuments of the highest beauty, agreeable cafés and restaurants, and striking scenery, all exist side by side, they never in fact combine, as they do elsewhere, to produce a civilised and agreeable atmosphere. But it is not easy for an enthusiastic and appreciative writer to avoid implying that they do.

It is a great tribute, both to the quality of his writing and his strict regard for truth, that Mr. Liddell, while immediately stimulating the desire to revisit the city of his choice leaves one in no doubt that one is very unlikely wholeheartedly to enjoy oneself if one does. This he achieves not by any cynical debunking, but by never allowing the reader to forget that while Constantinople remains among the half-dozen most imposing cities in the world, it is also right in the top class of what Mr. Leigh-Fermor has so aptly called "certified *cafard* centres." Exactly why this should be so, whether the cause lies in the climate or the inhabitants, or a combination of both, it is difficult to decide. Mr. Liddell hazards a guess that it is largely a post-Conquest development, and that while one might well have been unhappy in Byzantium one is unlikely ever to have been bored. In support of this theory there is the curious fact that in the Turkish language there is no word for "interesting."

As a guide to the monuments Mr. Liddell could not be bettered. Unawed by the almost religious veneration which has come to surround every crumbling vestige of Byzantium he never pretends that there are any churches apart from St. Sophia and St. Sergius and Bacchus which can stand comparison with the best, or even the second-best, to be found elsewhere in the Orthodox world, and he fully realises that the surviving mosaics may well prove a disappointment, certainly in respect of quantity and, in all but very few cases, of quality as well, to the visitor familiar with Ravenna, Palermo or Salonika. Furthermore, he has unhesitatingly dispelled the semi-mystical haze generated by the late Professor Whittemore which for many proved almost as impenetrable a barrier to rational appreciation of the mosaics in St. Sophia as the wooden screens with which American scholarship for so long sought to preserve the monopoly of the reproduction rights.

It is no criticism of this admirable book as a whole to say that the latter half is both the more interesting and the more valuable. Of the making of books about Byzantium there would seem to be no end, but no one before Mr. Liddell has given literary expression to an experience which many have known; that of going to Istanbul fired with

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Robert Byronic enthusiasm for the relics of the New Rome and being ashamedly but inexorably sidetracked into an unwilling but overwhelming admiration for the monuments of the Infidel. For so potent has been the fascination of Byzantium, so overpowering the sense of wonder created by its fabulous longevity, the exoticism of its art and the magic with which poets such as Yeats have endowed the very syllables of its name, that most writers have been too overcome with grief at its fall to spare more than a few broken sobs for the years after 1453. And yet the city of the Sultans is architecturally a logical and worthy extension in time of that of the Cæsars—not so much of the Palaeologoi as of Justinian. Sinan was not only the greatest architect to flourish in these parts since Isidore of Miletus, but one who, so far from being merely an appreciative copyist, exploited and developed the latter's more daring innovations, and who stands in much the same relation to the latter-day Byzantine architects as does Soane to the Palladians.

Of all this Mr. Liddell is happily aware and the soundness and sensibility of his approach to architecture is made apparent when, faced with making the unescapable comparison between St. Sophia and the Suleimaniye, he says "One must admire the interior of St. Sophia more but it is never such an agreeable place to be in. . ."

There are fortunately some points on which individual readers familiar with the city will find themselves in disagreement with the author; it may, for instance, be thought by some that his dismissal of the domestic architecture in wood, particularly the best of the early nineteenth-century yalis, is unjustifiably abrupt.

Others may well be pained by occasional indications of a deep-seated anti-Turanianism, but a reviewer who was once frog-marched the whole length of the Bayazit Boulevard by a couple of mentally retarded conscripts from some Neanderthal pocket in darkest Anatolia is fortunately precluded from fully sharing their distress.

OSBERT LANCASTER

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New and Healthy

New Lines: An Anthology. Edited by ROBERT CONQUEST. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Introductions which attempt, while not quite daring, to be manifestoes are always tiresome. This anthology, presumably, is supposed to represent a number of poets, emerging since 1950, who have what the editor, Mr. Robert Conquest, calls "a new and healthy general standpoint." He qualifies—or contradicts—this claim by adding that

> the standpoint is not new, but merely the restoration of a sound and fruitful attitude to poetry, of the principle that poetry is written by and for the whole man, intellect, emotions, senses and all. But restorations are not repetitions.

Least of all, I suppose, when what is being "restored" is something that nearly everyone imagines himself to have had all the time.

This should not put the reader off. Mr. Conquest is a better editor than introducer. About half the poems do put one in touch with sensitive poetic life today, and having read this volume one has a sense of direction.

As introduction I recommend not Mr. Conquest's official Movementese, but Elizabeth Jennings's poem *Identity* (which might mean, really, Identification).

It concludes:—

> So then assemble me,
> Your exact picture firm and credible,
> Though as I think myself I may be free
> And accurate enough.
> That you love what is truthful to your will
> Is all that ever can be answered for
> And, what is more,
> Is all we make each other when we love.

This, though not the best, expresses the aim which is common to the best of these poets—the attempt to delineate in the poem something which corresponds to a warm, normal, close, fairly literal experience or idea. Philip Larkin, John Holloway, Thom Gunn, D. J. Enright, who are probably the best poets here, react on the one hand against the panaceas and suicide pacts of the Thirties, on the other against the apocalyptic and Bacchic in Dylan Thomas. But—and this is a relief—they are not just playing safe. They make their own definite assertion. Life is not salvationist politics nor, to have it, need one exaggerate one's own existence. One must, rather, be observant, intimate, patient, interested in others, suspect to oneself. It is not so much a matter of asserting one's identity as of discovering points of identification, in the part of one's sensibility which creates, with the life outside.

There is a certain feeling of hangover about all this. But I do think it the most promising thing that has happened since *New Signatures*. What is specially encouraging is that, at the best, there is a serious search for reality, without the meretriciousness of the Kitchen Sink. Its best is Philip Larkin and John Holloway, who have subdued the most subtle and insidious of the left-over devils of the Twenties and Thirties—intellectual pretentiousness. This devil cozens Messrs. Amis and Wain. As for Mr. Donald Davie, reading his *Remembering the Thirties*, I have a premonition of the anguish I expect one day when my children, having turned against poor old dad, denounce his wickedness in voices which are a caricature of himself at his most embarrassing:

> The Anschluss, Guernica—all the names
> At which those poets thrilled, or were afraid,
> For me mean schools and schoolmasters and games;
> And in the process someone is betrayed.

However—not to be put off by the whiff of rotten eggs being thrown at "my Generation"—the refusal to be pretentious is worth scrutinising. Mr. Larkin has, at times, something of the subdued but poetically pure tone of Edward Thomas who more than anybody else collected the points of identification of his kind of poetry with his kind of observed nature. The echoes are very curious and interesting:

> And pardon me, that I
> Could find, when you were new,
> No brash festivity
> To wear you at, such as
> Clothes are entitled to
> Till the fashion changes.

This is authentic, and therefore "new": and yet one could describe it as *a dash of middle Yeats modified by a sprinkling of early Yeats-influenced Auden plus Edward-Thomas-flavoured Auden served up in a dish provided by* 1929 *Robert Graves.*

In Robert Graves, early Auden, Edward Thomas, there is a peculiarity of diction, which makes ordinary things mysterious provided they pass the test of being sincerely experienced. I cannot elaborate on this, but offer simply some examples of rather sententious utterance which nevertheless is made effective by a tone of almost touching, personal, felt gravity:

> A serious house on serious earth it is,
> In whose blent air all our compulsions rest,
> Are recognised, and robed as destinies.
> And that much never can be obsolete. . . .
> (Larkin)

> But joy is mine not yours—to have come so far,
> Whose cleverest invention was lately fur;
> Lizards my best once who took years to breed,
> Could not control the temperature of blood.
> (Auden)

> It was before this time that they had walked
> Together home from school: seen scaffolds grow
> Like bamboos down long modern streets, and talked
> Of how they both would make the future go. . . .
> (John Holloway)

One is moved by this solemnity.

The danger, of course, in extracting poetry from prose life, prose ideas, is of merely versifying. I suspect that we have reacted too far from the idea that poetry must be the Romantic-loaded-with-ore line. We risk making no distinction between poetry and verse, so long as the verse is seemingly competent.

The distinction surely is that poetry is that which creates its own language, rich and strange, which is fascinatingly separate from that which it is about. The very best verse simply brings us very close to its object. This distinction, though always to be reconsidered and revised, is too valuable to be thrown away. Thus, with humility, I submit that this kind of thing, by John Wain, is simply verses for a highbrow lady's—perhaps Dr. Enid Starkie's—album:

> As an address it pleased us for a while,
> We liked to mention it before our friends;
> Printed on notepaper, it gave us style.
> We issued invitations at week-ends;
> Even relations thought they ought to call,
> Forgave our failures; we had made amends.

There is, since Mr. Conquest talks about being new, a good deal of dead wood—mostly of the intellectually pretentious kind. For instance, bludgeoning the reader's poor addled brains with slyly authoritative references to the poet's own reading, is old hat. I refuse ever to be intimidated again by a line like:

> Though that was not what Berkeley meant at all.

or

> Donne could be daring, but he never knew.

Even clipped statements like "This can be done with cherries" can annoy, I find.

Perhaps the poet of greatest promise here is John Holloway. With a less defined territory than Philip Larkin, one of his poems, *The Minute*, blazes forth in the lines

> The gentle current's crystal stream
> Turned ice turned diamond and took light
> And stole the secret of the sun.

He can be atrocious as in the imitation of Yeats called *Toper's Poem*. But all his poems suggest large outlines, mysterious powers.

John Holloway and Philip Larkin are really new voices. And that is a great deal to be thankful for. Elizabeth Jennings is the Oxford we love so well, Thom Gunn, Cambridge seduced by Oxford (we know this well, too), D. J. Enright, very poetically Oxford-Cambridge also, Donald Davie has energy, intelligence, skill (I would like to say something nicer, but the anti-critic in me is too strong a critic). Anyway, Wain, Davie and Amis, considered as poets, hide old clothes through their thin new ones. Underneath, they are not, unfortunately, as naked as one might

wish: they show rather literary physiques. Robert Conquest hangs fire somewhere amid-teams, as I suppose is right and proper for an editor.

Let me conclude with a thought for the new, the healthy, the whole, who take orders from General Standpoint: If Austin Dobson were to burst upon the world today, there would be editors, critics and readers all ready to be stunned with admiration.

STEPHEN SPENDER

"Good Old Teddy"

Edward VII and His Circle. By VIRGINIA COWLES. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25*s.*

"Good old Teddy!" So, according to Miss Cowles, were his loyal subjects wont to acclaim King Edward VII whenever he passed their way. This reviewer can only confess that he stood as a schoolboy among the crowd watching Edward VII driving in state to open Parliament two or three times and never once heard any more precise utterance of public enthusiasm than the bleating, long-drawn-out "Rah" which the English manage to conjure up rather sheepishly for all gala occasions. Before launching into popular biography Miss Cowles served an apprenticeship with a newspaper. Perhaps it is her determination to get a good, dramatic story at all costs that has led her to exalt the casual yell of some raucous bookmaker at Epsom into the voice of a nation. The English tradition is to have very mixed feelings about their Royalty: and Edward VII was no exception. To the clean-shaven man in the street his beard plus his baldness made him look like a foreigner; he was corpulent, not in tough John Bull fashion but like a gross self-indulgent foreigner; he was known to talk with a foreign accent; and he was always wanting to go abroad, to Biarritz or Homburg, or some other outlandish place. Still, he was a good shot with a sporting gun; he won the Derby three times; and he did his duty as a constitutional monarch far better than his mother, Queen Victoria. There were, indeed, plenty of tears at his funeral; but those were shed not for the loss of a well-beloved King but at the sight of a little fox-terrier called Cæsar, who trotted wagging his tail in the procession and was supposed to be missing his master. That sentimental crowd in 1910 would certainly have been astounded to learn from Miss Cowles that "the stamp of his personality transformed his short reign into an Era."

When Miss Cowles talks like this she is mistaking the Royal Enclosure at Ascot for the country at large. The aristocracy were no longer the governing class in Edward VII's day; the capitalists and business men from Birmingham and beyond had climbed into the saddle. The stamp of the King's personality never extended beyond the bounds of high society; and the ostentatious extravagance for which the Edwardian era has become famous was a localised phenomenon. Conspicuous waste is the perquisite of the rich: there were plenty of idle rich in those days and they were not ashamed to be conspicuous in the company of their King and with his encouragement. But the solid middle classes still went on living as previously under the Victorian dispensation, and, if they looked for moral guidance, it was not to the King and his cosmopolitan plutocratic friends but to Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells and Galsworthy, none of whom have drawn Miss Cowles's attention.

In foreign affairs Miss Cowles tries to resuscitate the legend that Edward VII exercised considerable influence over his Ministers, and always in the so-called right direction, that is to say against Germany and in favour of France and Russia. Certainly his successful visit to Paris in 1903 facilitated the negotiations for an Entente that were going on behind the scenes. Yet judgment is biassed if the outbreak of the 1914 war is taken for granted as inevitable. The King's popularity in France may have helped the alliance, but it antagonised the Germans. If Edward, with his social charm, had managed to conciliate his tiresome nephew the Kaiser at their personal interviews, he would have a better claim to his title of Peacemaker.

Miss Cowles, however, is too sprightly a writer to delve deep into the drab morass of politics and diplomacy. Her main purpose in this biography is to emphasise Edward VII's important social role as the best-dressed gentleman in Europe, a genial host, an exacting guest, and a great lover of women. During his lifetime it was common knowledge that he had not been a faithful husband to Queen Alexandra; but out of respect for the law of libel names had to be suppressed. In Sidney Lee's first biography, for instance, Mrs. Keppel is not so much as mentioned. After a decent interval of fifty years —the twentieth century being more squeamish than was the early nineteenth over royal amours —the cats can all be allowed out of the bag. Whence Miss Cowles has obtained her scandalous facts she does not reveal, but her list is impressive and her assurance seems complete. As Prince of Wales in his twenties, it appears, he started his career of sexual debauch with high-class prostitutes; in his thirties he progressed to actresses; and by his forties he was seducing society ladies, often the wives of his friends. Nobody seems to have raised any objection to this last indulgence. The husbands could never be quite certain what went on in their drawing-rooms between 5 p.m. and 7 p.m., and the ladies rarely said "No." Besides, the Prince was notoriously fickle; he was always out for new game; and nobody's wife was likely to be bothered for long with what Miss Cowles calls the "inconvenience" of gratifying the royal desires. There was one awkward occasion when Lady Mordaunt confessed to her husband that the Prince of Wales had been her lover and a divorce case was instituted. But a number of doctors testified that she was suffering from puerperal mania and the Prince staunchly denied the charge in the witness box to the satisfaction of the Court. At the age of 50 the Prince met Mrs. Keppel, and thereafter other English ladies were left more in peace. He still, however, went to Paris and Marienbad for a fling with the foreigners until the end of his life. Queen Alexandra's charitable view of her husband's infidelities never wavered. To her everlasting credit she asked Mrs. Keppel to Buckingham Palace to sit beside the old King when he lay dying.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Birth of a Saga

Adam Smith and the Scotland of His Day. By C. R. FAY. *Cambridge.* 25*s.*

When a society begins to revere one of its members, Dr. Fay remarks, it builds a saga around him. There is no more spirited interpreter of sagas than Dr. Fay—indeed he already has his own—and in the tales of the giants of Scots philosophy in the last few decades of the eighteenth century he finds a rich and rewarding theme. Like all true artists, he is intimately involved in the world he is describing. When he tells us, for example, that the Old College in

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Glasgow where Adam Smith gave his famous lectures and James Watt brooded on steam power is now a railway goods yard, we are reminded of Dr. Fay's earlier quest for the accurate details of the epic of William Huskisson, which ended on the railway line between Liverpool and Manchester in 1830. On the present occasion only Dr. Fay could have found exactly the right quotation from the *Glasgow Herald* of 1870 to demonstrate how the steam engine which Watt had created ultimately destroyed the original scene of his labours.

> It is to the railway that the University is about to yield up its ancient dwelling-place, and, in a few months, there will sweep over the spot where the great philosopher sat, the very spirit which he was then chaining to the car of civilisation.

This is the stuff of which sagas are made, but there is far more to this delightful book than a web of anecdote and legend. The Scotland of Adam Smith, which soon wore the halo of Burns and Scott, produced an exceptional generation of writers and thinkers who probed deep into moral philosophy and political economy. Dr. Fay, who is equally at home in Glasgow and Edinburgh, for that matter in Kirkcaldy too, shows how and why they accomplished what they did, and what were their relations with each other. They all appeared to be aware of the significance of their contemporaries' achievements, so that when Burns, for example, read Smith's *Wealth of Nations* in 1789 he remarked that he would

> covet much to have his [Smith's] ideas respecting the present state of some quarters of the world that are or have been the scenes of considerable revolutions since his book was written.

Another of Smith's keen admirers was Gibbon, to whom Dr. Fay devotes an absorbing chapter. Three weeks after the *Wealth of Nations* appeared, Gibbon wrote to one of Smith's academic colleagues, "What an excellent work is that with which our common friend has enriched the public. An extensive science in a single book, and the most profound ideas expressed in the most perspicuous language." Smith returned the compliment when Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, the first volume of which appeared from the same publishing house in the same year, had reached its majestic conclusion. It was left to David Garrick, who read both works with relish, to warn the publisher of the two best-sellers that Smith's "performance requires too much thought to be as popular as Mr. Gibbon's."

These glimpses into Dr. Fay's book should be sufficient to underline the fact that he is no ordinary economic historian. To a subject which has often been made to seem dull, he brings sweetness and light. By avoiding strict chronology, juxtaposing the most unlikely and exciting quotations, sprinkling his narrative with personal impressions and acute asides, he uncovers the past in a way quite his own. He persuades the reader, too, that Adam Smith had something in common with himself. He tells us, for instance, that there is always a chance in Smith that the main reference to a topic will occur under an unimportant heading, or that if you want to play an intellectual game, it is amusing and instructive to select a subject—he selects dogs—and go on to trace the various occasions on which the topic is touched on in the *Wealth of Nations*. Five references to dogs cover such wide-ranging topics as the principles of exchange, the reasons for enclosure, Chinese food, the excommunication of a Capetian king and British domestic pets. The game pays even better dividends, when you turn to one of Smith's unpublished works and read, "By nature a Philosopher is not, in Genius and disposition, half so different from a Porter, as a mastiff is from a Greyhound, or a greyhound from a spaniel, or this last from a Sheep dog." It is the outstanding merit of Dr. Fay's works that you can play the same game with them and seldom end disappointed. It all goes to show that sagas are sometimes as exciting as systems.

ASA BRIGGS

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THE HOGARTH PRESS

Sent Up for Good!

Letters to a Friend. By M. R. JAMES. Edited by GWENDOLEN MCBRYDE. *Arnold.* 21*s.*

The lives of scholars are apt to fall naturally into one of two main psychological compartments. In the first case all is fuss, froth and fury: genius battles against the chatter of controversial opponents, the cloyingness of self-pity and the stings of academic envy. Hence Bentley's Palladian turbulence, Porson dead-drunk in the turnip-field, Housman stringing up his sad young men in a scathing footnote to Manilius. On the other hand, there are those calm, radiant, unresting, unhasting natures who accomplish miracles of scholarship and slide effortlessly into a white benevolent old age.

Montague Rhodes James is the grandest exemplar of this category. Try as we may it is impossible for us to see his life as anything but the smoothest, most blameless of academic success stories. *"Anima vagula, blandula,"* he moved through life patiently and in a dream, spinning a cocoon of laborious sweetness around himself and his career. No Colleger at Eton was sent up for good as often at M. R. James. While still a schoolboy, he taught himself Ethiopic—and translated the *Rest of the Words of Baruch*. Prizes and scholarships—the Newcastle, the Wilder, the Bell, the Craven, the Carus, the Jeremie Septuagint—tumbled into his lap like apples. "He did for the Apocrypha," so the *D.N.B.* sums up, "what the Bollandists had done for hagiography." Effortlessly, almost in the order of nature, he became Provost of King's and, having laid down that princely burden in 1918, just as effortlessly was elected Provost of Eton. It goes without saying that he received the O.M.

In these letters to his friend, Mrs. McBryde, we can watch him still sending himself up for good—courteous, deprecating, with the exquisite old-fashioned good manners of the vintage clerisy. The Roxburghe Club, the Eton and Harrow match, the bicycling and golf croquet, the freshmen in to supper ("I believe one at least to be artistic: send he may not be 'precious'")—it is all just as you'd expect. Life has been folded and put away. Ahead, there stretch decades of pleasurable duty—lunch with Mr. Dean to discuss the glass in the Abbey, command visits to Windsor, the Lambeth MSS. to be catalogued, Kenyon's transcript of the Chester-Beatty papyrus to be copied out, Harold Lubbock's boy to be admitted to College, a little dinner at Grillion's with Kipling, the Bishop of Durham and Mr. Justice Darling. He parodies Augustus Hare, points out the misprints in *Cranford*, visits all but two of France's 143 cathedrals, indulges in long Lewis Carrollian fantasies about his cat. His reactions, though they rarely occur, are always appropriate: ("As for Rheims, there is no doubt that it is pretty hopelessly spoilt... Nothing can really wash the Germans clean of that": "This month's *London Mercury* has an attack on the Codex [Siniaticus] by that unspeakable Aldous Huxley...").

The effect is pleasantly soporific and because of this we are all the more moved and startled when he suddenly bursts out on page 108:

> Your letter makes me blush, to see how much you credit me with and how little I deserve it. The truth is I am a very immature creature, with not much clearer vision of life than I had when I left school. It is a constant puzzle or if not puzzle, surprise, to me that I have never shared the ambitions or speculations about a career which ordinary people have, and ought to have, choice of profession, home of one's own, and all such. I believe there never was a time when I have had more of a programme than to find out all I could about various matters and to make friends....

"He had a horror of spiders, especially large ones," Mrs. McBryde writes in her introduction. This, with his liking for Le Fanu and an account of a toad that invaded his study, are the only glimpses we get of the James who wrote the ghost stories. Only once does the spinsterly glint that produced *Canon Alberic's Scrap-Book* light up in his eye and that is when someone tells him about the young man who placed a woman's head in a hat-box, and packed it in a cupboard. "M. R. J. remarked, 'She should have left him alone.'"

JOHN RAYMOND

Voice of the People

Pierre-Joseph Proudhon. By GEORGE WOODCOCK. *Routledge.* 28*s.*

Proudhon deserves to be taken seriously. He coined some immortal phrases, one especially: "Property is theft." He was the first anarchist, the first syndicalist, or—someone has suggested less sympathetically—the first fascist; at any rate an original thinker. There is a great deal of sense in many of his arguments. Proudhon was one of the first socialist writers to face the problem of liberty: he saw that there was not much point in having a social revolution which merely substituted the tyranny of the bureaucrat for the tyranny of the capitalist. Again, what a relief to find someone treating the Hegelian dialectic as nonsense. Proudhon held very sensibly that when thesis and antithesis meet, there is no synthesis; one merely knocks the other out—a characteristically Manichæan view. There is no end to the things that Proudhon foresaw: the rise of the social question; universal suffrage transformed into an instrument of counter-revolution; science making war impossible. He has some practical claims to fame also. He was the only extreme revolutionary of 1848 who managed to get himself elected to the National Assembly—not that he achieved much when he got there. More remarkable still, unlike every other socialist writer there has ever been, he actually sprang from the people. His father was a peasant; himself a journeyman printer, self-educated to a very high level, and uniquely immune from academic culture. If the masses could ever think and speak, they would think and speak like Proudhon. There he stands all alone: the people become articulate.

His character was admirable: unselfish, courageous, incorruptible. He suffered much for his beliefs; was imprisoned repeatedly; but never wavered or repented. Altogether a saintly figure.

Yet, reading this most competent biography, it is impossible not to find Proudhon rather ridiculous. Has any man ever made a more comical marriage—stopping an unknown working girl in the street and saying bluntly, "you'll do"? He wrote countless long books, probably none of which has been read by any living man except Mr. Woodcock; and he was convinced that each was the most important book ever written. "If I do not deceive myself, this book should bring about a revolution in all the moral and philosophical sciences." This refrain was repeated with each publication. His self-confidence knew no limits. "I know more than twenty Germans, all of them Doctors of Philosophy"—and one of them called Marx. "I must be right against everybody at once; otherwise I am lost." He devised a new system of economics; a new religion; a new foreign policy; and some unsuccessful penny banks. He also discovered that women were inferior to men in the fields of work, knowledge and justice in the proportion of 27 to 8; superior, however, in beauty and capacity for love—oddly enough in exactly the same proportions. Or—to strike a more practical note—he held that branch-railways in remote areas made an important contribution to the cause of freedom. No doubt we ought to feel that he was a most significant figure. Instead we giggle. Historical fame operates in a queer way. If the Proudhonists had been a tougher, more crooked set, they would have beaten Marx in the first International; then, no doubt, we should all take Proudhon's ideas seriously and write Marx off as a joke. At all events Mr. Woodcock has given us the story of Proudhon's life in a straightforward, honest way; and maybe it is not too late to give Proudhon the importance he deserves.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

New Novels

Disquiet and Peace. By WILLIAM COOPER. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

In the Time of Greenbloom. By GABRIEL FIELDING. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

Suzanna. By ISOBEL STRACHEY. *Cape.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

I don't suppose that mine was the only heart to sink on finding that *Disquiet and Peace* was a novel about the Edwardian upper classes. Can it be, thought I, that there is any reason for this beyond a fancy for yet more broughams and feather boas? Can anyone with anything to say suppose that they will say it more effectively by withdrawing to an atmosphere of which we know so little? But Mr. Cooper had a very good reason for his move. His story is about a serious young Liberal politician whose dearly loved wife is subject to fits of unaccountable depression, and tempted to relieve them by doing wild acts which endanger his career. If this problem were posed at the present day, its hard outline could be blurred by looking both to the past and the future. One could put the blame for the girl's moods on some outside event among the wars and economic changes to which even the upper classes are now subject. And one could always assume that some psychologist or other would some day be able to provide a cure, a belief which might outlive an indefinite number of disappointments. And yet we know that such things can happen in the most secure society, and that there is no guarantee at all that any particular case can be cured.

Mr. Cooper, in short, has put the historical novel to its best use, viz., to point out a timeless truth which is obscured by the intellectual fashions of our own age: the extreme difficulty of adequately understanding the people we love. He has written his book in an admirable style as far from the feather boas as can be imagined, plain, brief, sometimes apparently rather careless, but with never a word off the point, never a trace of hesitation or self-consciousness. He even makes his solution convincing, though I am not at all sure that he has not bluffed us a little there—*I* might not have believed in it if it had not been handed to me cold when I was in my customary state of confident psychological generalising, but having been put into the mood for exceptions I swallowed it all right. Altogether this is a most remarkable book, mature, astringent, penetrating.

In the Time of Greenbloom is a much more puzzling business. I did not read Mr. Fielding's highly praised first novel; in this one the boy who was its central figure reappears, falls in love with a young girl of his own age who is horribly murdered, and is then taken up by an eccentric, rich young Jew called Greenbloom and placed on a rather wobbly road back to normality. The book is impressive, but queerly uneven. On the one hand Mr. Fielding is a writer so gifted that one wonders if he practises the Black Art, his clear, flexible style keeps pace so amazingly with his vigorous imagination. Lakes, woods, schoolrooms, tennis-parties rise fully clothed and gleaming at his touch, and especially he excels at human grotesques—Greenbloom himself, the boy's warhorse of a mother, the crazy retired admiral navigating on a pond—and in the fantastic situations they create, such as a forced landing which is meant to be in France but is really in Ireland, and the subsequent confused attempts to get in touch with the natives. Nothing so improbable but he can make it glow with life. When, however, it comes to the boy himself, the central figure, then, and I say it more in sorrow than in anger, we are back with Mr. Henry Williamson and the first war writers, endlessly rubbing two sticks together over a damp grate with the bottom out, trying to build a character out of a stream of self-pity. All the descriptions of school were vitiated for me by the aggrieved whine which accompanied them, all the incidents there distorted by an insistence on showing what beasts other people were. John (he *would* be John) alone has any sensibility, and if his best friend is a little horror, why, that cannot be taken to reflect on John in any way. In short, while the adult aspect of the book is magical, the childish element seems to me banal, and if that looks the wrong way round, then either I am brutally callous or Mr. Fielding needs to forget about his schooldays.

Suzanna is another puzzling book. It is the story of a young girl, approximately county (she hunts, but she grooms her own horse) hesitating on the verge of growing up properly, trying to decide whether she wants the eligible young man her parents press upon her, trying to decide altogether *what* she wants when the main thing she wants is for somebody else to do the deciding for her. Her development is deliciously done, she is plumb in the centre of her author's powers. But there has to be a plot, and so she and the young man are both caught up with alternative possible partners, who involve others, and (here I think is the weakness of the book) *everybody* hesitates. They would hesitate for ever if they were not precipitated into action at last by the most headstrong and peculiar character in the book, a person with whom the author has little sympathy but without whom all would be lost. The trouble is not, I think, as some critics have said, that the book is concerned only with human relationships, but that the people related are too much alike. They are all well-behaved and cautious. Yet the book remains moving because the two central women are admirably drawn, and there is, moreover, an excellent line in sardonic wit.

> Suzanna liked her books to be very recent, coming fresh from the printing-press like loaves out of an oven; if you mentioned a book published last year she would look a little blank, as though you had asked her to eat stale bread, and quickly change the subject.

It is a delicate and pleasing novel.

MARY SCRUTTON

Week-end Competition

No. 1,375

Set by T. C. Worsley

A young man commissioned to write an article for the Bernard Shaw centenary got into touch with the great man himself through his local medium. Competitors are asked to report the first 150 words of the advice Shaw gave him on the subject. Entries by July 17.

Result of No. 1,372

Set by Carabosse

Competitors are invited to compose verses (limit, 14 lines) on the horrors of a picnic.

Report

Not even Pandora released more horrors than the setter of this competition. Ants, wasps, insects of all kinds, cows, cramp, children, damp, rain, disgusting food, forgotten essentials—and here are some more, evoked by telling phrases:

dismal round-the-campfire chants (Granville Garley).
without sufficient petrol for the car (Edgar Caton).
constant watch by strangers' child (Mrs. Ferguson).
a jolly game of tag (Rhoda Elliott).

What a masochistical race we must be!

The entry was large, the standard high, judging most difficult. I suggest that the prize-money be divided among those printed below. Runners-up: Hilary, J. R. Till, Nancy Gunter, Stanley J. Sharpless, Anthony Skene, J. A. Lindon.

I decry crumbs and contortions,
Contortions and crumbs,
When it is too cold to sit it out on the greensward
And too, too unbearably stuffy crouched in the car.
Where to balance this beaker, crumbs round the edges?
Hot . . . hot and stinging the coffee as it works through the pullover;
Hot and abominable, over the abdomen.

Just out!

A PRINCE OF MANTUA

Maria Bellonci

A study of Vincenzo Gonzaga, most splendid of the Dukes of Mantua and one of the most colourful figures of the Italian late Renaissance, by the author of Lucrezia Borgia. 25*s.*

A YOUNG GIRL'S TOUCH

Barbara Skelton

The picaresque and humorous adventures in wartime London and an exotic native kingdom of a girl too young and pretty to live alone. To love her was to endanger a heart, a mind, a job, a life, a throne.

'Very dry, distinctly original, and often extremely funny. A scintillating debut.' New Statesman.

12*s.* 6*d.*

WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON

Cut the loaf if you can now; use the old kitchen knife.
Where, alas, where is the one with the serrated edges?
Home in the kitchen.
Push on the loaf till it buckles . . . only the knee to rest it on.
Crumbs and contortions, crumbs . . . and one little knock—
There is another beakerful, burning, down in my sock.

J. E. BRIGHAM

There are several reasons why a picnic is something at which I am apt to look askance,
And the least of them is ance.
Because the eventual discovery of a strip of sward that would brighten the eye of a Keith Miller or a Henry Cotton
Is almost immediately followed by a further discovery, *i.e.*, that something has been forgotten.
And if there are picnic parties in which it is less common to hear a rebuke for forgetfulness than a gracious encomium—
Then shomium.
Furthermore, I prefer eating from a chair, be it tubular, contemporary or Windsor,
And I object to postures normally adopted by the kind of people who do their shopping on the Ginza.
So although I am dumber than my fellows in many ways, in one respect at least I am cannier,
And that is in my aversion to the Thermos flask and the pannier.

XICO

MR. ELIOT ON THE WASTE GROUND

Here I am, an old man with a dry mouth,
Bitten by flies among the cow-pats,
Eating dead winkles with a crooked pin.
And the end is the beginning, and tomorrow
It will be wasps at Runnymede. Last week
Lil had hysterics, throwing sandwiches
In the damp woods after a night's hard rain.
Here, on the waste ground behind the gas-works,
Gulls wheel and flock in the grey sky
Like the stones beneath an old man's bony buttocks.
I ache, much of the time, and long for winter.
O Vishnu, Vishnu (atishoo! atishoo!)—Lord,
Grant me a little peace before I die!
Mub! Eros! Llareggub!

GLORIA PRINCE

Which Picnic do you think we'd most dislike?
Emma's, when she too lively on Box Hill
Used her old friend, Miss Bates, so very ill;
Or Evan Harrington's, where, Watteau-like
Olympus and Parnassus crowned two heights
And quarrelled; or that feast where Gwendoline's
Distrust and fear of Grandcourt first begins?
Or Scott's—whose Antiquary bland invites
His ill-assorted company to share
Ruins and Venison and drink Madeira.
Is there at every Picnic some Chimaera?
Are broken meats and broken hearts both there?
Must tears in eyes, like rain in clouds, abound,
And scraps of paper litter every Picnic ground?

SILVIA TATHAM

PHILOSOPHY

The Journal of the Royal Institute of Philosophy
Edited by Sidney E. Hooper

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MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON

EPIC

Picnic,
Hay-rick,
Flea, tick,
Neck-rick,
Tea thick,
Scones brick,
Jam-stick,
Wasp-flick,
Child sick,
Wet knick,
Home quick,
Colic.

P. M.

O Comrades, O unmanned Brothers, picnic-conscripted,
Hamper-hampered, marsh-marching, insect-injected, she-chivvied,
Circumspectly skirting circular objects of bovine by-product,
Making sad jokes about cows flying that also fall heavily with thuds—
O Comrades, let us savour earlier occasions of vicarious comfort
As for instance that of *Beatrice Webb* and the ant-heap she failed to identify with the Ideal Society,
Of *George Eliot* and the pretty dragon-fly that alas was not a pretty dragon-fly,
Of *Baroness Burdett-Coutts* and the hallucination of the Stilton cheese,
And the ambiguous utensil that *Mrs. Thrale* found in the hamper among the teacups,
And (O Courage) of *Marie Corelli's* slight seizure at the unexpected sight of the fungus *P. Impudicus.*
Frater, if your heart fail during the last detour, the latest change of direction,
Or remonstrance for the redundant remembered or the indispensable forgotten,
Consider 1878 and that most august auto-enthronement on the wasps' nest during the Picnic at Balmoral . . .
Courage, O Pards, O Boyos, O Brethren, O Warriors, O Messmates, O Comrades, O Companions.

D. W. BARKER

City Lights

Goldengrove Unleaving

D-marks are more enticing than £s at the moment, German bonds (and those of Costa Rica) more appetising than gilt-edged. The persistent weakness of sterling goes deeper than Mr. Macmillan's speeches. His squeeze has helped the trade balance, and the payments surplus so far this year must have exceeded £100m. The risk of exchange speculation is lessened by the fact that foreign stocks of sterling have already been run low and that British credit terms remain unattractive. Yet the £, with its testing season still to come, is doing badly. Other sterling countries, of course, are not doing too well, and the strength of the D-mark must have been partly responsible for the heavy EPU deficit incurred by Britain last month. But the main point seems to be that the credit squeeze has altered the familiar seasonal pattern and the spurt in ordinary commercial demand for dollars has begun earlier.

Sterling, whatever the reason, has been weak, and the gold reserve did as badly last month as everybody feared, rising by only $16m. Admittedly there were debt repayments to meet; but if account is taken of the month's time-lag between incurring a bill in EPU and paying it, the apparent rise in the reserve in June is seen to have been an actual loss. The worst months of seasonal pressure—aggravated this year by the fall in sterling commodity prices—are still to come. Swinging the current account into surplus is a relatively quick and painless affair. Getting the gold reserve to a comfortable level and keeping it there is another matter. Meanwhile, the fall in sterling has dragged the market in government securities down with it. Waiting does not so far seem to have improved the outlook for the government's conversion operation. Time is getting short: the maturing stock goes ex-dividend on Monday.

* * *

The weakness of sterling has been a positive advantage to the discount market. A fortnight ago, the market lowered its bid for the weekly offering of Treasury bills. Its reason was straightforward enough. Money was expected to be—and was—scarce and expensive for a day or two around the end of the half-year. The following week, one would have supposed, when money was expected to be more than customarily easy, the market's bid would be brought back to at least its original level. Instead it was lowered further, and only the strength of other competition for the bills prevented bill rate from rising to £5 3s 6d. Money was indeed plentiful this week, so plentiful that the Bank was forced to absorb the surplus by energetic sales of securities. The market's action in charging the government more and pushing the general level of interest rates higher had no technical justification: it was a self-interested move, for which the weakness of sterling provided a conventional pretext, however irrelevant when a further rise in the Bank Rate seems unlikely.

* * *

Mr. Denham, of the Halifax, has announced his reasons for leaving the Building Societies Association. The Association has issued its counterblast. "We," according to Mr. Denham, "have at all times been particularly insistent that the acceptance of large capital sums from limited companies is undesirable . . . our forebodings materialised . . . we wrote to the Association . . . we were not willing to condone the intake of limited company moneys without any ceiling . . . my unfavourable personal reactions were confirmed by my Board . . . we decided to terminate our membership." "Since," retorts the Association with dignity, "Mr. Denham implies that the main cause of his resignation is our unwillingness to prevent the acceptance of large investments from limited companies, it should be made clear that this practice is followed only to a very minor extent and is not of material importance. The total amount of such money is well below 5 per cent of the whole . . . in many cases it is subject to long notice . . . there are standing recommendations against the maintenance of any but a minute proportion of a society's total shares and deposits in that form."

The second point amplifies the first. "We," affirms Mr. Denham, "have consistently endeavoured to discourage an over expansionist policy . . . we particularly stressed the folly of forced expansion." And the Association . . . "The Halifax has been much advertised as the largest in the world and it has achieved that position by pursuing over many years a policy of determined expansion. During the past year alone its assets increased by 11¼ per cent, being more than the average for all building societies, which means that it has expanded by more than the majority."

Finally, a nice rejoinder. "There will be no change in general policy, declares Mr. Denham. We shall continue to exercise restraint as is our duty." "The Council," drily retorts the Association, "is unable to regard this statement as consistent with the apparent intention of the Society to pay its investors higher rates than the maxima currently recommended by the Council."

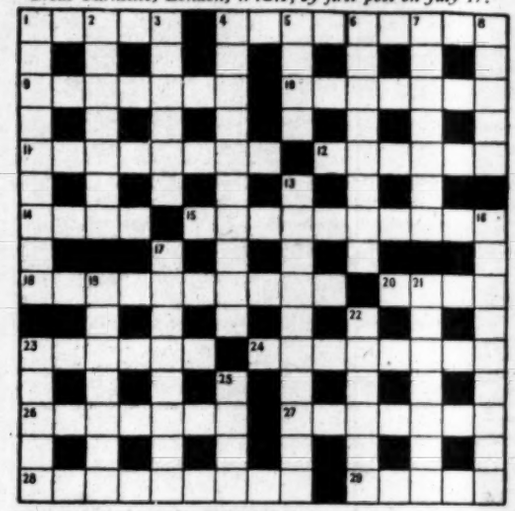
* * *

Countries, if they had enough money and sufficiently wise government, might act like merchants—buying in raw materials when they were cheap, selling off the surplus when they were dear. The large official stockpiles which already exist in several countries might seem a possible basis for such a policy. In practice, however, governments always seem to act like a speculator in a panic. This week, for example, the price of copper—which had already tumbled £170 a ton from its March peak—was depressed still further by the news that a further 36,000 tons (6 per cent of Britain's annual consumption) is to be sold from the strategic stockpile as part of the economy drive.

TAURUS

Week-end Crossword No. 206

Prizes : Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 206, N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on July 17.



ACROSS

1. One who nominates to fill vacancies in retrospect (5).
4. "The wictim o' connubiality, as ———'s domestic chaplain said," said Mr. Weller (4, 5).
9. I am surrounded by the complicated claims of religion (7).
10. He wrote about a small 24 (7).
11. It is frivolous to be out of breath after the flight (8).
12. Soon return my nameless one (6).
14. Starting to pull a sledge (4).
15. To ruin the devil part of the spell is horrific (10).
18. Confined like a characteristic hemmed in by a variety of needs (10).
20. Creature with a vote for the summit (4).
23. Have a page to ring or call (6).
24. Reverse and tie back behind the scenes (8).
26. Without the wine this piece of country would be unhealthy (7).
27. In the exam. everyone appears to be top (7).
28. The potter's work has a single disharmony in the broken set (9).
29. "Hyperion to a ———" (*Hamlet*) (5).

DOWN

1. Fasten the papers; they are useful in the toilet (9).
2. A farmer's job was the same in the old times in China (7).
3. Makes a fresh survey about the rise of meat (6).
4. Old-timer who paralyses the defence (10).
5. The boss is a headless elephant (4).
6. N.B. a scale is required for the weighing instruments (8).
7. An African people, like a Chinese dynasty it is rising (7).
8. Material got out of the ground upside down (5).
13. Anticipate the French part of the ship (10).
16. Verse Lizzie starts (9).
17. Her captain was hardly ever sick at sea (8).
19. In Max's place there is a sign of mourning and love beneath the sun (7).
21. The decay in the plague provides one with a complaint (7).
22. Techniques are fatal among Hitler's men (6).
23. Holy mountain for a doubter (5).
25. The gull is the opposite of other birds (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 204

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 204

J. L. Todd (*Chislehurst*), *Miss B. D. Holl* (*Woodcote*), *Mrs. M. B. Nicholas* (*Menton*)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

QUIET bach. service suite nr. Oxford St., sit. & bedrm., c.h.w., bath, own 'phone. Ckd. bkfast. Some valeting. Box 5954.

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LONDON. Professional people seeking a well-appointed room with meals, close West End, should call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

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W.C.1. Bed-sit., use kit., centrally heated flat, 55s. per week. HOL. 6237.

W.1. Lady wishes share her well-furn. flat with business woman, own bed & sit. rms. 5½gns. p.w. inc. heat, c.h.w., cleaner, 'phone, etc. Box 5944.

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FURN. room to let. Well-appointed house nr. Edgware Stn. STO. 8821 after 6.

FLATLET vacant July 14. Single furnished divan-room, own kitchen. Gas fire/cooker/geyser. 3 mins. Leytonstone tube. Lady only. 32s. 6d. p.w. Box 5832.

LARGE light rm. with ckg. facs. avail. to yng. woman sympathetic to arts. 3 mins. Finchley Rd. Stn. £2 10s p.w. Box 5831.

FURN. room to let, elec. ring; easy transport West End & City. GUL. 2592.

BLACKHEATH. Bachelor (50) would share all-elec. four-room flat with another. £10 monthly, incig. light, heat, cleaning; or less if help with cooking. Box 5862.

PLEASANT large (very) sunny room mod. hse. Hampstead. 3½gns. SWI. 2884.

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LARGE furn. room, Chelsea; share kit., bath., 'phone. £2 10s. p.w. includes gas fire, light. Man only. FLA. 9500 after 10 a.m.

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BED-sit. room in mod. block, central heating, h. & c. Near Chalk Farm Station. Lady only. £2 15s. Phone PRI. 3112.

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ACCOMMODATION—continued

EXCH. m'sette W. Middx. for hol. accom. 2 wks. Sept. W./S. Wales, sea. Box 5807.

TO let, Sussex hse., sleeps 6. Aug. 4-18. C.h.w., t.v., frig., 2 acres. London 45 mins. Coast 30 mins. 10gns. wk. Box 5889.

COUPLE from S. Pacific with 4 children req. furn. accom. at reas. price anywhere in Cent. Lond. for 12-15 months. Box 5461.

OLD lady, heart trouble, seeks kind home Sept. onwards. 9 Oakley St., S.W.3.

GOOD home wanted for continental student. HYD. 6524.

GRADUATE (f) shs. s/c 2 rooms, k., b. S.W.1/3/7. Reasonable rent. Box 5942.

4 wks. fr. July 14. Hse. reqd. 4 careful N.S. adults. Home Counties. Box 5943.

BUSINESS woman reqs. bed-sit. in quiet house. Bloomsbury district. Box 5881.

SMALL s/c furnished flat in central or N.W. London wanted by young married couple from August onwards. Box 5911.

PROPERTIES TO LET

EIRE, Bandon River Estuary, 20 miles Cork. Farmhse. to let Sept. 2 dbl. bedrms., 2 recep., 2 baths, gas ckr., main elec., own boat, bass fishing. No chldn. Box 5840.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

BLACKHEATH. Company owning a desirable property, converted into four self-contained flats for its employees, will shortly be free to offer this for sale with vacant possession. Large rooms; pleasant outlook; recently redecorated; walled garden. Nr. heath and facing park. 3 mins. from station (15 mins. London). Freehold £4,750. Communications to Secretary, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (HOLborn 8471.)

RYE (near).—Dream Cottage., 3 bed., bath., 2 rec., mains. 12 acres. Freehold. Poss. Auction July 18. Offers meantime around £3,000. Chas. Parris & Quirk, Tunbridge Wells (Tel. 272).

HILDENBOROUGH Station ½m. Picture Cottage 1 hr. London. 3 bed., 2 rec., bath., garage, ¼ acre, mains. Freehold, possn. By Auction, or privately around £3,000. Chas. Parris & Quirk, Tunbridge Wells (Tel. 272).

BRIGHTON. 3-bedrm. terr. house, £1,900 frhld. Close sea, shops, stn. Box 5880.

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CORNWALL, Treharrock Manor. Continental Holiday now midst loveliest beaches on Cornish Riviera. Remarkably sheltered. Excellent touring centre. Few vacancies July-Aug. Glorious surf-bathing, Polzeath. Sun-bathing. Safe, golden sands. Fishing, boating, sailing, in Italian-like villages. Salmon, trout. T.V. lounge. Billiards. Table-tennis. Children's room. Golf (St. Enodoc). Open all yr. Select. Re-eqpd. 5 hrs. London. 13gns. except July-Sept. Superb cooking. Miss Wainewight, Port Isaac 234.

TEIGNMOUTH. S. Devon, close to sea. Comfortable accom.; own cooking facilities. An inexpensive do-as-you-please holiday; children welc., Vac. all mths. Mr. Plath, Westbrook House, Teignmouth, Devon.

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

A FEW late Aug. & Sept. vacancies at this small, congenial hotel in "Britain's Best Climate", noted for sunny warm days. Rec. by rdrs. 6/9gns., incl. full board, early tea, coffees, fresh fruit, baths, beach hut & gratuities. Vegetarian if desired. Twin beds; h. & c.; Slmbrlands. Two comftable. lounges. All well-apptd. Kindly write for informtive. brochures (illus.). Normanhurst Private Hotel, Seafront, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Best pos. on 3-mile prom., facing full sth. Nr. Sun-Lounge (orchestra). Hastings 4784.

BETWS-Y-COED dist., Lledr Valley, mountain sit.; old-world comf.; Cordon Bleu ckg. from £7 12s. 6d. Bwlch Bach Guest Hse., Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Tel. 220.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers plentiful and imaginative food, tasteful atmosphere. From 8½gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

ISLE of Wight Guest House by the sea, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism, optional fresh water pool). H. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation, child. welc. Broch. (stamp). Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.O.W.

FOLKESTONE. Delightful Private Hotel in large grounds, facing sea. Individl. attention and friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Billiards. Capel Court, Capel-le-Ferne, Folkestone. Tel. 3462.

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CORNISH Riviera (Central). In lovely country beside Fowey Estuary, 3 miles sea; modern comfort, notable food in Georgian Manor. Own woods. Fishing. Boating. Games Room. Peaceful, unspoilt beauty. Brochure S, Penquite House Hotel, Golant, Par. Tel. Fowey 124.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest Hse., The Heads. Happy hols. Lovely Lakeland scenery. Gd. food. A. Horner. Tel. 508.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr. Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal, 6/7gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Llanrwst 166.

BOOK holidays now in lovely Connemara. Modern licensed guest house. H. & c. bedrooms. Excellent table, bathing, boating, fishing, motoring available. Terms mod. Broch., Mrs. Grenville Holms, Dooneen House, Letterfrack, Co. Galway, Ireland.

SUSSEX, 12m Eastbourne. Charm. guest house, everything home-made. Vegetarians welc. Fr. 6gns. Whinrig, Horam. Tel. 211.

BEAUTIFUL couptry with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel Horam, Sussex (Eastbourne line). Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

WEEK-ends or holidays in Sussex downland cottage. Excellent cooking, bath, electricity. Moderate terms. Box 5921.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

PENSION Thélia, 75 Rue Cardinal-Lemoine, Paris Ve. Full pension 30s., half pension 26s. Quiet. Gd. cuisine. Recommended.

MAJORCA. Six paying guests taken in beautifully situated country house overlkg. sea in mountain village, off tourist tracks. Delightful walking & bathing, gd. cooking and serv., priv. bathrms. Engl. spoken. £1 a day incl. Write Daskal, Estellenchs, Mallorca.

PALMA, Majorca. Rm. slp. 2-3 w. tce. overl. bay. Own shower, w.c. B/B. 66s. p.w. ea. Pou, Serra, 17, or SPE. 0363.

FRANCE. Penestin/Mer., Morbihan. Hotel Plage. Bon accueil. Cuisine beurre. Prix modérés.

"IF you are really particular how you eat, spend 5s. on 'The Good Food Guide,' published by Cassell."—Picture Post. Members of the Good Food Club recommend about 700 restaurants and hotels in Great Britain where you can rely on good food at a reasonable price. "Doing an excellent job."—New Statesman. Current edition 1955/56 from all booksellers, 5s.

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The Chess Board

No. 347. Dynamic Chess

This is the title of a book (*Pitman* 20s.) in which R. N. Coles attempts to trace the evolution from "the old Classicism" through the "hypermodern" revolution of the early Twenties to the "new Dynamism," or whatever one may call the wizardry of contemporary grandmasters who know very well why, as often as not, they have to spend more than an hour over their very first eight or ten moves. While it may well be argued that neither young Lasker nor old Steinitz lacked a certain share of dynamism the value of the book consists in its 85 well selected games, judiciously annotated to prove some point of modern theoretical experience. Here—Bronstein-Najdorf, 1950—is convincing proof that in the Sämisch-variation of the Nimzo-Indian White, while suffering due pressure on his fixed QBP can unleash some potent dynamism in the centre and on the K-wing.

(1) P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(11) P-B4	B-R3 (P-B4!)
(2) P-QB4	P-K3	(12) P-B5	P-K4
(3) Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	(13) P-B6!	K-R1 (KtxP?)
(4) P-QR3	B x Kt ch.	(14) P-Q5!	Kt-R4
(5) P x B	P-B4	(15) Kt-Kt3	P x P
(6) P-K3	Kt-B3	(16) Kt-B5	B-B1
(7) B-Q3	0-0	(17) Q-R5	B x Kt
(8) Kt-K2	P-Q3	(18) P x B	R-KKt1
(9) P-K4	Kt-K1!	(19) R-B3!	R-Kt2
(10) 0-0	P-QKt3	(20) B-R6 and wins by (21) R-R3 etc.	

The concluding volume of Tartakower's *My Best Games of Chess* (*Bell*, 21s.) edited by Golombek, contains 100 of the late master's games played between 1931 and 1954 and enlivened by his own notes. The 4-pointer for beginners is a position which occurred in one of the last games of his life. Having been in a somewhat too sacrificial mood he played (1) R-B3, ostensibly to guard against the threat of Kt x P. Black played . . . P-R5, and when the master countered (2) B-B7 his opponent did play . . . Kt x P, blithely remarking that it looked like a mate in 2 or else a win of the Q. "It *is* a mate in 2," Tartakower observed drily, and forthwith inflicted it. How? **B**—a 3-mover—will provide some easy 6 ladder-points for our problemists and may well whet the appetite of non-addicts. **C**—White to win—is a famous beauty and none too difficult for 7 points.

A: Tartakower

B: Meisner

C: Gandolfi

Usual prizes. Entries by July 16.

REPORT ON COMPETITIONS

No. 343. Set June 9

A: (1) . . . Q x B ch? (2) Q x Q, R-R6. (3) K-R4! etc.
B: (1) R-R1, P = Q. (2) R x Q, R x R. (3) P-B7, R-K8 ch. (4) B-K3! R x B ch. (5) K-B8, etc.
C: (1) Kt-K7 ch, K-Kt1. (2) Kt-B6 ch, K-R1. (3) R x P ch, R x R. (4) Kt x Q, etc.
if (1) . . . K-B2. (2) Kt-Q5 ch, K-Kt1. (3) Kt x Q, R x Kt. (4) R-Kt2! etc.
if (1) . . . K-Kt8. (2) Kt-B6 ch, K-B2. (3) Kt x Q, R x Kt. (4) P-B4! R x P. (5) R-B2, etc.
if (1) . . .K-B2. (2) Kt-Q5 ch, K-Q1. (3) Kt x Q, R x Kt. (4) P-B4, R x P. (5) P-Q4, R x P. (6) R-Q2, etc.
if (1) . . . K-Q1. (2) Kt-B6 ch, K-K1. (3) Kt x Q, R x Kt. (4) P-B4, R x P. (5) P-Q4, R x P. (6) P-K4, R x P. (7) R-K2! etc.

The pretty stalemate idea of **B** being spoiled by (4) B-K7 this shall not count in the ladder. Prizes shared by A. J. Bamford, E. W. Carmichael, W. M. Hancock, J. R. Harman, M. Rumney, C. Sansom.

No. 344. Set June 16

A: (1) ... Kt x P. (2) P x Kt, B-Q4! (3) B-R7, B-B2! (4) B-Kt6, B-R7. (5) B-K8, B-B2, etc.
B: (1) K-R1, B-R7. (2) B-B2, P-Kt6. (3) B x P, etc.
If (1) ... B-Q8; (2) B-B2, etc. If (1) ... B-B5; (2) B-Q3, etc.
If (1) ... Q-B4; (2) B-K4, etc.
C: (1) Kt-B4 ch, K-R3. (2) Kt-K6, R-K1. (3) P = Q, R x Q. (4) Kt-B8, R-Kt4! (5) Kt-Kt6!! and wins. But not (5) P = Q, R-K4, ch. etc.

Surprisingly many failed to notice the final finesse in **C**. Prizes shared by E. A. Barclay-Smith, W. H. L. Brooking, R. C. Chaturvedi, S. N. Collings. Equally flawless: D. E. Cohen, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg, C. Sansom.

ASSIAC

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

BBC requires Programme Assistant, Chinese Section, London, with Degree from recognised University or equivalent; preferred age 25-40. Essential qualifications: (1) First-class Kuoyu (as first language); (2) fluent Cantonese; (3) ability to translate quickly, accurately and with good style from English into Chinese, news bulletins, talks and features on many subjects; (4) ability to read acceptably at microphone. Radio and journalistic experience an advantage. Short-listed candidates will be required to pass translation and voice tests. Appointment for three years (with possible extension) at fixed salary £860 per annum. Prospects of promotion during engagement. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, quoting ref. "1896, N.Stm." within 7 days. For acknowledgement enclose stamped/addressed envelope.

AUSTRALIA. University of Melbourne. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Political Science. The salary range is £A1,300 to £A1,800 per annum, with superannuation similar to F.S.S.U. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is August 31, 1956.

THE University of Hull. Department of Adult Education. Applications are invited for the following posts: (a) Staff Tutor in the History of Art; (b) Temporary Staff Tutor in English Literature, for the period September 1, 1956, to August 31, 1957. Special interest in 20th-century Literature desirable. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience, on the Assistant Lecturer's scale (£550 × £50—£650 p.a.) or the Lecturer's scale (£650 × £50—£1,000 p.a.). Experience in lecturing to adult students desirable. F.S.S.U. and family allowances (£50 p.a. for each child). Full particulars from the undernoted with whom applications (nine copies) must be lodged not later than July 14, 1956. W. D. Craig, Registrar.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the following posts in the Department of Philosophy. (a) Assistant Lecturer; salary on a scale £550-£650 per annum with membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. (b) Temporary Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer for one year (session 1956/57); salary scales per annum, Assistant Lecturer, £550-£650, Lecturer, not more than £900; salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications for both posts should be sent not later than July 21, 1956, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained. Applications by letter (no forms) will be accepted from overseas candidates and should state the names and addresses of three persons to whom reference may be made.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment of full-time Club Leader for Jewish Boys' Club. The appointment offers scope for the energetic development of initiative with full support to expand. Salary within the scale £600/£750 per annum, holiday arrangements for this year respected. Previous applicants need not re-apply. Applications in writing to Organising Secretary, Cambridge & Hackney Associated Clubs, 4 Martello St., London Fields, Hackney, E.8.

BROCKLEY County School, Hilly Fields (ent. Adelaide Avenue), S.E.4. Applications invited from head and assistant masters for headship of this three-form entry secondary (grammar) school for boys aged 11-18 offering courses leading to G.C.E. ("O", "A" & "S" levels). Under present Burnham conditions school is in group 15 based on average unit total of 1,533 for 1953/55. Post vacant Sept. 1956. Apply on form EO/TSIO Sec. (form TSIOB for candidates who have completed similar form since March, 1955, and have nothing to alter), obtainable from the Education Officer (TSIO), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, London, S.E.1. Candidates who applied in response to earlier advertisement will be considered without application. Closing date July 13. (1254.)

DISTRESSED Gentlefolk's Aid Association. The Association will, in the near future, require a Trained Lady Case Worker to succeed Mrs. H. R. Bromley Davenport, who has for many years been our Case and Welfare Secretary. Applicants must be of good education and background and must possess qualities of tact and understanding, and a sympathetic approach to human problems. Several years' experience in social welfare work among gentlepeople is essential. Salary £650 per annum. Applications in writing with full details and testimonials should be sent to: General Secretary, 10 Knaresborough Place, London, S.W.5.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Department of Public Health and Social Medicine. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant in the Department of Public Health and Social Medicine from graduates in medicine, biology, psychology, sociology, or any other social science. Among the duties of the successful applicant will be participation in research, and it is intended that he should also do some independent research. Salary scale £550 by £50 to £560 per annum, with superannuation benefit and family allowance allowance where applicable. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications, giving the names of two referees, should be lodged not later than July 31, 1956. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

THE Institute of Personnel Management has a vacancy for an assistant (woman) to the Secretary. The work includes careers advice, liaison with universities, arrangement of students' practical training and administration of external examination. Degree or social science diploma essential. Experience in Personnel Management desirable. Salary about £550. Applications should be sent to the Secretary, Institute of Personnel Management, 8, Hill Street, London, W.1.

BRISTOL Social Project.—Applications are invited from Psychiatric Social Workers for a research post in the Project team. (A recognised case-work training and good clinical experience essential; some knowledge of research desirable.) The successful candidate, who will be required to take part in a study of family life in selected areas, will be associated with the University Department of Child Health. Consultant psychiatric advice will be provided. The appointment will be for two years. The salary will be not less than £850, together with superannuation. Fuller details from the Secretary, Bristol Social Project, 4 Berkeley Square, Bristol 8, to whom applications together with names & addresses of 3 refs. should be sent by July 21.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. King's College Newcastle upon Tyne. Royal Victoria Infirmary & King's College Medical School Joint Department of Psychological Medicine. The Council of King's College invite applications for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker in the above Department. Candidates should preferably be graduates and must hold a Mental Health Certificate or Diploma approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers. They should also be prepared to assist in the research work in progress in the Department. The appointment will be for one year in the first instance, but renewable for a further period. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom twelve copies of application, together with the names of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be addressed so as to reach him not later than August 31, 1956. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

MARKETING Officer required for Nigerian Federal Government Marketing and Exports Dept., for one tour of 15-24 months in first instance. Commencing salary according to experience in scale (including inducement addition) £840 rising to £1,530 a year. Gratuity at rate of £100/£150 a year. Outfit allowance £60. Free passages for officer and wife. Assistance towards children's passages and grant up to £150 annually for maintenance in U.K. Liberal leave on full salary. Candidates, preferably under 45, must have a University Degree (preferably in Commerce or Economics) and possess administrative ability. For further particulars and information about duties, which are connected with the marketing of agricultural produce, write to the Crown Agents, 4, Millbank, London, S.W.1. State age, name in block letters, full qualifications & exp. & quote M1B/43051/NJ.

LONDON County Council. Psychiatric social worker required to fill a vacancy in a team of four (supervised by consultant psychiatrist) dealing with the domiciliary care and after-care of persons suffering from psychiatric illness, an interesting and expanding field of psychiatric social work. Whitley Council salary scale for candidates with recognised qualifications. Particulars and application form (returnable by July 23) from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/DI/L.266), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1.

WELFARE Workers' team, overworking in harmony, require one more to share the load. Progressive approach. Able to compose effective letters and to type them. Own staff know of this vacancy. Applicants should give all relevant particulars, including present salary and starting salary expected. Electrical Industries Benevolent Assocn., 10 Buckingham Palace Gardens, London S.W.1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment of part-time or full-time Club Leader for the Jewish Girls' Club. The appointment offers scope for the energetic development of initiative with full support to expand. Salary for full-time appointment within the scale £500/600. Salary for part-time appointment £300 per annum, holiday arrangements for this year respected. Previous applicants need not re-apply. Applications in writing to Organising Secretary, Cambridge & Hackney Associated Clubs, 4 Martello St., London Fields, Hackney, E.8.

£6-£12. Interesting posts. Call at once. Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke Street, W.1. MAYfair 6626.

WEST London Hospital, Hammersmith Rd., W.6. Psychiatric Social Worker required for full-time duties connected with adults and children. Applicants should possess the Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics or the Certificate for Psychiatric Social Workers of the University of Manchester or the University of Edinburgh. Whitley salary scales and conditions. Applications stating age and giving full details of qualifications and experience, together with the names of 2 referees, to reach the Hospital Secretary within 7 days.

FAMILY Service Units are already working in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, Stockport, York, Bradford, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield and London, and is being pressed to extend its intensive work with "problem families" to many other parts of the country. Social caseworkers interested in participating in this development can obtain details by writing to 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

WELFARE Services Organiser, man or woman, required by the Kent Council of Social Service for Tuberculosis Care and Old People's Welfare work. Salary according to experience within the scale £550 × £20 to £610. Car provided. Further particulars and application form on receipt of s.a.e. K.C.S.S., 1 Holmesdale Terrace, Folkestone.

PADDOCK Wood Finishing School, Lightwater, Surrey. Required for September, qualified teacher (young lady), between age of 23-35, accustomed to teach English. English History to the G.C.E. (both) level and also to teach English and foreign girls to the Cambridge Proficiency and lower examinations. Good salary offered, plus board and residence, in return for residential duties. Week-end and off-duty times arranged as per rota. Scholastic year of 36 weeks. Apply Principal.

UNITED Nations Association. Part-time Regional Officer for Midlands based or Birmingham. Salary £250 p.a. Public speaking experience. Send s.a.e. for form from 25 Charles St., W.1.

SOCIAL Service team with great freedom of action (and therefore much work and responsibility) want another recruit: must be able to do own typing. Personality and potentialities more important than experience or diplomas. State starting salary needed. Electrical Industries Benevolent Assocn., 10 Buckingham Palace Gardens, London S.W.1.

PERSONNEL Officer (female, 24-40) required for large factory in East London. Duties include recruitment of labour, wages, joint consultation, welfare, etc. Experience essential. Apply Box 35, Southcombe's, 66 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

GENERAL teacher, certificated, Alresford Place Hostel—School, Hants. for maladjusted children aged 9-16. Co-educational. Elementary science, maths. & music advantages. Write giving personal details to C.S.A., 39 Lyndale Ave., London, N.W.2.

ASSISTANT to Production Manager (either sex) required in large publishing office. 'Phone GULliver 6016.

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GRAD. tutor Comm. Entr. Maths. Sept. Girls' tutorial estab. morns. 12 wk. terms. French, G.C.E. Maths. helpful. Box 5665.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HORNSEY Labour Party invite applications for the post of Secretary/Agent. Forms from Secretary, Hornsey Labour Party, 28 Middle Lane, Hornsey, N.8, to be returned by July 31, 1956.

WANTED. Supervisor & Instructor for care & training of feeble-minded youths. If married, opportunity for joint post. Apply, giving full dets.: Supt., Purley Park, Reading.

HAMPSHIRE.—Resident post at Abbey Wells Children's Home, near Newbury, for a person who is a keen and capable gardener and prepared to take a full part in the life of the household while tackling a hard practical job. Salary scales (Man) £370×£15—£430 p.a.: (Woman) £340×£15—£385 p.a., less £113 p.a. in each case for board and lodging. Applic. form from County Children's Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

ADMINISTRATIVE Assistant required. Interesting position. National Women's Organization, London. Shorthand/Typing essential. Experience Committee work desirable. Starting salary £500. Full particulars, qualifications, experience to Box 5836.

PERSONAL Secretary for music publishing executive required beginning August 7. Experience of the trade unnecessary, but applicant must have common sense and be efficient and willing to work hard. Knowledge of one or two languages an advantage. Please apply Box 5904.

GERMAN sh.-typist reqd. temporarily by internat. organisation London. Box 5916.

EDUCATED woman for small prof. office to work on own initiative. Exp. interviewing, bookkeeping, P.A.Y.E., typg. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. HUN. 0676.

SH./TYPS., copy/typs. Interesting work by the hour/day/week, also evenings and week-ends. Hall, Ltd., 32, Rupert St., Piccadilly Circus, W.1. GER. 1067.

OFFICE Junior required in architect's office, assistant to Secretary, typing and P.B.X. Interest in drawing an advantage. Near Victoria Station. Box 5926.

£5 to £3,500. Appointments. Avian req. all staff. M/f, perm./temp. No fees. 109 Tottenham Ct. Rd. W.1. EUS 2579/2719.

EDUCATED women are offered posts with short hours as temporary typists and shorthand typists at good rates of pay. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 2 Broad St. Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2, and 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

WIN a prize! During Soho Fair Week (July 8-14.) Every girl calling at Burnett's will be "snapped" free of charge. Each day, two winning pictures will be displayed outside the office and the winners given a prize each! So come along—and pick yourself a really interesting job at the same time! (N.B.—Don't miss our float in the Soho Procession on Sun. afternoon, July 8!) Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

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MOTHER'S Help or Locum for absent parents (28) seeks job 3-4 months London or near suburb. Phone MIL. 1970.

DOMESTIC Staff! We always have available hard-working couples, mothers' helps, general domestics, cooks, chauffeurs, etc. Selected by our continental agents and branch offices and ready to leave continent now. Burnett Bureau, Ltd., 77 Dean St., London, W.1.

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YOUNG woman (28), just returned 6 years international organisations, secretarial & administrative exp., sks. social welfare, personnel, or political post, London. Box 5910.

PERSONAL

GENTLEMAN seeks part-time work. Driving; typing; fluent German; French, Italian. Musician. Box 5865.

UKRAINIAN (Engineer) sks. empl., or acc. in exch. Russian lessons. Box 5684.

VACANCY 1 or 2 pers. in car going Santander Aug. 3, back Sept. 3. Box 5909.

HEIDELBERG Univ. stud. desires 6 months' empl. with English fam. this summer to improve English. Can cook, clean, mend, type, teach. Christa Deistler, Heidelberg, Steubenstr. 53, bei Frenzel.

LAVISHLY equipped self-propelled home (25 healthy Morris horses). Discreet appearance, reside wherever parking, passers unwitting. Coup for richest nomad/tourist 'phoning Cameron AMB. 6316 soonest (a.m.).

DRIVER: Free hol. 15 days, France Aug. 18. Also Eng. July 28. Box 5948.

FRENCH Riviera. Furnished luxury villa to let monthly. Write 81c Church Road, Hendon, N.W.4 or telephone HAM. 2629.

WOULD group touring Continent 2/3 weeks September with spare car seat tolerate presence woman 40 but adaptable wishing informal holiday enjoy nature/art. Share all exps. travel, modest hotels, but game camping. Fair linguist. Box 5925.

PERSONAL—continued

TEACHERS. Enterprising teachers who wish to study foreign countries during their holidays, read on! If you could earn while you travel abroad during your long holidays—where would you go? We wish to harness the latent energy of a few members of the teaching profession for mutual profit and will enable you to earn a good income during your stay in foreign countries. It will not be a lazy holiday, but in selling a world-famous educational work abroad you will get to know more about the people than you would in normal circumstances. If you are interested in our earn-as-you-pay experiment, please write to Box 5874, giving brief details about yourself, and also stating where you would go if you could make an extra income during your holidays.

ONE or two seats available in Consul going S. France August 4 returning August 20. Share expenses. Box 5866.

"THE Poetry of Romantic Love," July 20-23 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; "Aldous Huxley Weekend" July 27.

JOURNALIST, P.R. Consultant, Editor of House Magazines, seeks part-time work, afternoons, evenings or week-ends. Box 5883.

SWISS girl sks. place in family Sept.-Dec. in London, w. poss. to go to school. Klingenbeck, La Margoton, Veules les Roses, S. Mar., France.

SEAT wanted by yng. man car to Continent, 2 wks., share exps. Box 5697.

ABLE Engl.-French conversationalist (London), good mixer, fond of children, handyman, offers French tuition, practical help House Party, School, priv. home. Box 5901.

COMPAN. (f.) wanted by lady planning part-working holiday Continent, July/Sept. Cruising coast? Suggestions: Box 5902.

FLOATING holiday. Houseboat, rural canal, end July or Aug. Refs. Box 5580.

FRANCE: Annecy, Geneva, Riviera, 15-day camp tour, Aug. 18. £30. 18 Manor Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 4068.

GER. stud. sks. sit. "au pair" from 1.8.56-30.10.56, improve Engl. Box 5411.

CAPABLE woman seeks work sea/country August; possibly longer. Widely experienced sec., domestic, welfare, land. Any interesting/useful work consid. Box 5882.

PARIS flat, Aug. 16-Sept. 15, near Métro, Bois. Sleep 6, fully furn., h. & c., frig., wash. mach., tel., etc. Refs. exch. What offers? Dr. Lontit, 27 rue du Gen. Delestraint, Paris 16.

ZERMATT. 5 bed, 2 balcony flat available August 22-31. Reasonable rent. 'Phone FINchley 4966 for particulars.

THAMES sailing barge, 87 feet. Very simply converted. A sound hull which would well repay further conversion. Lying Medway, 30 miles from London. Price £500, or would let. Box 5708.

ROUTINE-weary school Matron, S.R.N. (32) seeks interesting post with variety, travel. Box 5783.

COACHING in Statistics for Soc. Sciences reqd. Box 5934.

ILLUSTRATIONS for reproduction, line or tone, from life, photographs, sketches/blue prints—commissions reqd. Box 5905.

BRUNATE (Lake Como): Two cancellations private party July 22-Aug. 5. Air travel. 1st cl. hotel. Complete freedom. 39gns. all-incl. DERwent 9412, or 2d. stamp to 115b, Manor Drive North, N/Malden, Surrey.

LEARN to paint with Mervyn Levy in delightful Regency residence in Sussex. Details: London Atelier of Painting, 13 Queens Gardens, W.2. AMB. 0849/4749.

HAVE you seen "John Deakin's Paris"? Exhibition of photographs. Opening Mon., July 9, 10-7 p.m. (inc. Sats.), in the gallery of David Archer's Bookshop, 34 Greek St., W.1. (Shaftesbury Avenue end.) GER. 6114.

LECTURERS? Write for Foyles Lecture Agency's new 118-page list of speakers. It includes Lieut.-General Sir John Glubb, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, Lady Barnett, Mr. Tom Driberg, Sir Basil Henriques, Lord Birdwood, Mr. Uffa Fox and many other speakers suitable for literary societies, discussion groups, schools, etc. Foyles Lecture Agency, 125 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2. (GERrard 5660.)

SANCTUARY for shy Tycoons who require public portraits offered by moderately expensive photographer who welcomes those who usually face the camera with misgiving. John Vickers, 29b Belgrave Rd., S.W.1. Victoria 4915.

EUROPE the "En Famille" way.... Why not let us make individual arrangements for you to enjoy the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family, or join one of the special groups visiting our International Host-Family Centre? Meet and get to know the people of the country you visit. Illus. brochure from E.F.A., 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of "Good Sight Without Glasses" may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

PERSONAL—continued

CARAVAN for sale. 2-berth, fully furn. Site Littlehampton. Reas. offer. Box 5751.

JOIN our flying party to Vienna July 23, return optional, Merano-Dolomites Aug. 4-18, £39 10s. all-in, Palma Aug. 12-26, £43 incl. direct flight, Velden-Opatija Aug. 18-Sept. 3, £45. Individ. serv. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11. BAY. 5016.

IF you have delayed your holiday you are still lucky. You can still find summer sunshine and holiday gaiety in Jersey. It's the obvious choice for September and October holidays. Write now for free holiday literature to Box 250, Tourism Official Information Centre, St. Helier, Jersey.

OXWICH Bay Children's Camp. August 3½gns. p.w. Last vacs. 'Phone Tony Gibson, PRI. 7573. 52 Elsworthy Rd., N.W.3.

SUMMER Holidays for Children. Trained supervision. Principal, Thanet House School, Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs.

SPAIN for value: enjoy sunshine, good bathing and pleasant company on one of our parties to Puerto Pollensa, Majorca, Llafranch, Costa Brava, Zarauz, Atlantic coast or to Madrid and Malaga; also individual arrangements by air or rail/sea. Dep. July 15, 22 & 29, August 5, 12, 19, Sept. 2, 9 and 23, October 6. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SPAIN. Villas, flats & hotels in Malaga (Torremolinos, etc.) & Costa Brava. Parties leave London every Sunday, or join one of our special flights. Ferro, 59 Greencroft Gdns., N.W.6. GRO. 8441 (day), MAI. 5111 (evening).

COUNTRY House Holidays, with riding from July 25, Parndon Hall, 45 minutes from London, offers all that the holiday-maker who rides can desire. 20 horses to choose from. Covered school. Day rides in Epping Forest. Competent, keen instruction under Capt. N. A. F. Milton and qualified instructress. Hunting "Essex Hounds," or Gymkhanas according to season. Companionship and organised evening entertainments for teen-agers, comfortable home life in separate house for adults, from 5gns. weekly. Particulars—Secretary, Parndon Hall, Harlow, Essex. 'Phone Harlow 24511.

SPAIN? Don't be put off! We still have vacancies July, August, etc. Free Guide from New Vistas Travel, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. (Molesey 2105).

PAINTING & drawing in unspoilt country within reasonable distance of London. Week-ends or longer. Beginners or more advanced, but essen. serious workers. Box 5364.

CORSICA, Majorca, Sardinia, Tossa, Torremolinos (Malaga), Portugal (Obr). A 15-day sunshine holiday by air to any of these finest Mediterranean Paradise holiday resorts or to Portugal on specially advantageous terms, thanks to forward contracts. Prices from 44gns. all inclusive of air fares, board and accommodation. Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise to Corsica and Majorca for only 65gns., and a France-Spain leisure tour embracing the French Pyrenees, Andorra, Tossa, Barcelona and Montserrat for only 54gns. Elkan Allan, the B.B.C.'s armchair traveller, writes: "I went on a Horizon holiday myself last year. My honest advice is that if you're considering going to any of the places mentioned—and they are all wonderful places—the best plan is to go with Horizon Holidays." See why. Write or 'phone for 52-page lavishly illustrated colour brochure with 5 maps, to Dept. 26E Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

LONDON Week July 21-28. Vacancies in small international party of professional people. Cost including accomm., breakfast, dinner, sightseeing and theatre visit, £12. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated & willing, immed. avail. short/long stay. Educ. Touring Serv. 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

TO Sorrento or Southend with Exclusive Holiday Wear from Vince Man's Shop, 5 Newburgh St., Regent St., W.1. GER. 3730. Open 7 p.m. Thurs., 3 p.m. Sats. New 24-page catalogue sent on request.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Road, N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Alexis Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd. S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

FRENCH families welcome English girls into their homes in exch. children's care & light housewk. Service International d'Echanges, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

WRITE for Profit. Send for interesting free booklet. The Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—the ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn.-5gns. a box. One quality the best! Write for catalogue. Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sx. Wivelsfield Green 232-233.

BOYS & Girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at the Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter. Eliz. Strachan Hele 390.

PERSONAL—continued

EYESIGHT re-education. Refractive errors and squint treated by qualified Bates practitioner. Doris M. Brock, 55 Hale Lane, Mill Hill, London, N.W.7. MIL. 2307.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts. through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Terrace, Cambridge 4633.

WRITERS' Guild (International Writers' Fellowship), founded 1939 to assist the New Author, Agency, Expert Tuition and Revisions. Raymond Buxton, Guild House, Ross-on-Wye.

GLOOMY Guitarists! Put fire in your flamenco with a glass of Duff Gordon's El Cid Amontillado Sherry. Gilds your grace notes. Fillips fingering. Improves your Olé.

MANNEQUINS. Any girl contemplating a career in modelling will receive a frank (and free) assessment of her chances in an interview with Lucie Clayton. Brochure. 449 Oxford St., W.1. MAY. 0667.

CONTINENTAL girls sk. domestic posts au pair or full time. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing Ltd., 124 New Bond St., W.1.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

HUMANISM is a faith for the modern world. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

FAMILY Planning without contraceptives. Confidential brochure giving detailed explanation of medically approved method used by millions of couples throughout the world now available 1s. post free. Welfare Advisory Centre, Russell House, Wilton, Wilts.

HOSPITALITY and care for convalescence or for aged or disabled. Garden-drawing-room, lovely house. HAM. 2281.

RELAXING and stimulating treatment in cases of nervous tension, exhaustion, insomnia, anxiety, irritability, physical debility, fatigue, stress and strain. A reintegrating therapy of proved value. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. WELbeck 9600. Ask for brochure. Recommended by the medical profession.

PAYING guests' accom., also exchanges in good homes wanted for foreign children & students, seaside/country. Educational Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

RICHARD Conwell (B.B.C., Countryman, etc.) can now take few pupils short story course. Personal tuition, modern methods, moderate fees. Send MS. for free criticism & prosp. West St., Kilkhampton, N. Cornwall.

P.S. Do you like statistics? If so, you may be as fascinated as I am by the fact that, in 1955, there were 177 old clients among 1,070 bookings for "Summer Schools Abroad," whereas this year (to date) I have 256 old clients out of 1,044! I look forward to being able to give up advertising, but, in the meantime, invite you to write for a copy of my programme to Harold Ingham Ltd., 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

MISCELLANEOUS

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets & all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd., E.2. SHOreditch 3889/6046.

POTTERY for sale, £600, instalments accepted. Nr. Heal's, fully eqpd. for casting & throwing. 3 kilns, 2 power-wheels. Suit team of potters. Letting consid. Box 5420.

DUREX gloves & all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Piertag, Dept. N.N., 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent Hse., Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee) unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets. & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

DUREX gloves & all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Send s.a.e. for free price list to W.S., 16a High Rd., London, N.2.

OUT with the old ways of serving up cold meat. In with Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney—from all good grocers.

FILL your pipe with real good stuff. Enjoy Tom Long with every puff.

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BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Co-education 3 to 18. Full or weekly boarding and day school. Headmaster, James Cunningham East, M.A.

THE Town & Country Day School, 38-40 Eton Ave., N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted. Boys and girls 5-18 educ. for Gen. Cert. of Education & the Universities. Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. M.), S., Sn. 5 & 8. "Trip to Bountiful." Mems.

UNITY: EUS. 5391. Polly. John Gay's sequel to Beggar's Opera. Fri. Sat. Sun. 7.45.

IRVING. (WHI. 8657.) Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 10 p.m., Sun. 9. "Harlem After Dark," an all-coloured revue by Cal Huggins. Mems.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until July 8: Liang Shan-Po and Chu Ying-Tai (U). From July 9: The Seven Samurai (X).

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY. 2345. July 8, 6 days. H. Bogart. The Caine Mutiny (U).

NATL. Film Th., Sth. Bank, WAT. 3232. Sat. July 7. "It Came From Outer Space" (A). 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to publ.

BOOK early for the exceptional Soviet film-show on July 31 at the Scala Theatre, W.1. "Twelfth Night" & "B. and K. in Britain". Tckts. from B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d.

STRZELCZYK Folk Song and Dance Ensemble from Lodz, Poland. Only London performance Sat., July 14, 2.30 and 7.30, Scala Theatre. Tickets (all res.): 5s., 2s. 6d., 1s., from British-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Pl., W.1 (LAN. 6593). Also appearing Glasgow 19th, Liverpool 21st.

WORKSONGS, Ballads, Blues with the City Ramblers' Skiffle. Monday evgs. Guest artistes July 9: Neva Raphaello, Nancy Whiskey. "Princess Louise," High Holborn 8 p.m. Mems. 2s., guests 3s. 6d.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat. July 7, 8-11 p.m. "At Home": Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evenings every Tuesday & Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or 'phone PRI. 7479, evenings

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. BBC presents 62nd Season, Royal Albert Hall. Sat., July 21 to Sat., Sept. 15. Prospectus giving full programmes and details of ticket booking arrangements now on sale, from BBC Publications, W.1, Hall and Agents. Send 6d. postal order (not stamps).

31ST Haslemere Festival. July 14-21. Dir.: Carl Dolmetsch. Tickets and all details from Haslemere Hall, Tel. 361, & Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1. Book early. Fast trains, Waterloo, 55 mins.

I.M.A., 14 South Audley St., Thurs., July 12, at 8 p.m. Philip Levi presents Contemporary Music: Veress, Fricker, Pizzetti, Harvey, Penny, Shapero, Maciejewski; vocal, instrumental. Adm. 5s. (v. prog. on night.

DEVON Festival Aug. 4-12. Broch.: Fes. Manager, Queen's Hall, Barnstaple.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show daily. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

PICASSO. 50 years of graphic art. Arts Council Gall., 4 St. James's Sq. S.W.1. Until Aug. 5. Mons., Wed., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues. & Thur. 10-7, Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s.

SLATTER, 30 Old Bond St. Exhbn. Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

GALLERY One, 20 Dorset Sq., N.W.1. Gillian Ayres & Henry Mundy. 11-1.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood, Soane Exhib. Adm. Free. Wkdays. 10-7, Suns. 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. From May 17, "The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon.-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Roderic Barrett. Paintings by Derek Cawthorne.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. 40th Anniversary Exhibition. Modigliani, Chagall, Soutine, Epstein, etc. June 19-July 24. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5.

CHARLES Howard: Paintings & Drawings. Whitechapel Art Gallery. Week-days 11-6; Suns. 2-6, closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paul Klee. Until July 21.

REBEYROLLE—Paintings: organised by Marlborough Fine Art, Ltd., at the R.W.S. Galleries, 26 Conduit St., W.1. Closes July 7. 10-5, Sats. 10-7. Adm. free.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Recent Paintings by Modern Scottish Artists. July 4-July 28.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. French Pictures of the 19th & 20th Century: recent paintings by Frederick Francis. And some Rodin Bronzes.

PHOTOGRAPHY by E. Locker, A.R.P.S., L. Goodman. New Vision Centre, 4 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, July 3-21.

SOHO Gallery, 18 Soho Square. Exhibition of colour reproductions of paintings by Picasso. Week-days 10-6, Saturdays 10-12. Open until July 21.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan: Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2-6, 2s. 6d.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings and Drawings by Suzanne Valadon. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Constantin Guys—Drawings from English and European Collections. Adm. 2s. 6d. in aid of The National Art Collections Fund. Giacomo Guardi—Views of Venice. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30. Until July 31.

IMPERIAL Institute, S.W.7. Bantu & Asian People in South Africa—pen and wash drawings by Molly D'Arcy Thompson. Until July 22. Week-days 10-4.30, Sunday 2.30-6.

REDFERN Gallery, 20, Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibn., 1956. 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. New Paintings by Georges Mathieu, incl. "The Battle of Hastings." Until Aug. 11. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Closed Sun. Adm. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

C.L.F.S./A.D.A. Reception. Wed. July 11, 7 p.m. John Dugdale, M.P. "Colonial Problems," 2 Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. Incl. Fork Supper (8.15) 3s. 6d. Adv. bkg. essential. Miss B. Yellin, 30 Coborn St., E.3.

GENERAL Zionist Organising Committee. Meeting Tuesday, July 10, 1956, at 8.15 at 15 Portman Sq., W.1. Subject for discussion: "Sharett's resignation—its causes and consequences." Speaker—Mr. Samuel Landman. For adm. ring Sec., WIL. 4788.

L. D. McINTYRE (President, American Ethical Union) "Liberal Religion in America." July 8, 1956. 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

ANEURIN Bevan, M.P., Will Griffiths, M.P., Joseph Grimond, M.P., Benn Levy & J. B. Priestley will launch the "Campaign for the Limitation of Secret Police Powers," at 7.30, Wed., July 18, at Caxton Hall. Adm. free; res. seats 6d. by post Stanley Mayne, 28 Broadway, S.W.1.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues. July 10, 8.15. Discn.; Electrin House. Speakers: Edward Ward, Leonard Manessah, Peter Smithson, Peter Mills. Chairman: Ian McCallum. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 3s. At 6.15 p.m. Members can visit Electrin House, 93 New Cavendish Street. Wed., July 11, at 8.15 p.m. Discn.: "Trends & Problems of German Literature." Speakers: Ludwig Renn, Stephan Hermlin, Guenther Heisenborn, Bodo Uhse. Chairman: Ewan Phillips. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 3s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Mon. July 9, 8 p.m. Jazz Section. To be announced. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11 (PARk 7379). Fri. July 6, 8 p.m.; Prof. Lavrin, "Inner Drama of Gogol." Fri. July 13, 8 p.m., Special Closing Summer Season Recital, T. Braikevitch (soprano) & D. Trbovitch (piano). Russian composers.

ERICH Kästner (author of "Emil and the Detectives"), Marie Luise Kaschnitz and Hermann Kesten read from their works (in German), on Monday, July 9, 8 p.m., Beveridge Hall, University of London, Senate House, Malet St., W.C.1. Tickets: 3s. 6d. (res.), 2s. 6d. (unres.), from the Secretary, P.E.N. Centre of German Authors Abroad, 4b Belsize Grove, N.W.3 (Tel. PRImrose 6083), and at the door. Students: Adm. free.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, July 8, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. Virginia Flemming: "The Individual and the System."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs. 7.30, July 12, Mr. Rohit Mehta (guest-speaker), "Secret of Right Action." Suns. 5 p.m. at 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Gita. All welcome.

THE Linguists' Club, Nidderdale Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8, at 6 p.m. July 14. M. Yves Goëau: "Georges Duhamel."

YOGA Practice Society. Sun. July 8 at 3 p.m., Talk by Sri Yogacharya B.C. Nandi, B.A. 6 Cadogan Gdns. S.W.3. Colln.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

WEEK-end conference, Sept. 7-9, High Leigh, Hoddesden, delightful surroundings. R. S. W. Pollard: Impressions of China; E. Wallace: Youth in Industry; Kathleen Nott: Is the Modern Novel too Technical?; W. B. D. Brown (Glacier Metal Co.): A Different Way of Looking at Management; H. J. Klare: New Ways of Dealing with Offenders. Private coach from London. Charge 53s. Apply Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.2.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers, with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College offers an intensive secretarial training to Graduates and other well-educated girls. Small classes, expert tutors, individual attention, excellent results. Languages and foreign shorthand. Private secretarial posts obtained. Interview by appointment only. Prospectus from Principal, Mrs. M. K. Monypenny, L.es L., 62 Bayswater Road, London, W.2. PAD. 3320.

LEARN Touch-typing in 1-2 months. Private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 7967.

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries & Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work & for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for univ. graduates. Day & residential students. Canteen. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A.(Cantab.), St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. New Courses Sept. 5.

LONDON University & other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for General Certificate of Education (for Entrance Faculty requirements, or direct entry to Degree), Inter. & Final Exams. for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc. Econ., B.Sc. Soc., LL.B. & Diplomas, G.C.E. (all levels, all other Examining Bodies), Law. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford Street, W.1. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day & evening classes or private lessons; beginners & all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

CAREER for Intelligent Young Women. Stenotyping (Machine Shorthand) used increasingly in well-paid secretarial and verbatim reporting posts. Call for demonstration, or write for details of secretarial training, or stenotyping only, in day and evening classes. Palantype College, 229 High Holborn, W.C.1. (HOLborn 9162.)

OXFORD. Marlborough Secretarial College, 110A High Street. Tel. Oxford 4349. Comprehensive training for high-grade Secretarial appointments for Students of good general education. Foreign languages. Small classes, individual attention. Prospectus on application to Headmistress, Mrs. M. Robson.

GERMAN tuition by German-born London Honours graduate. Beginners, advanced, conversation, exams. Box 5920.

FOREIGN Languages. New term private & class tuition daily 9 a.m.-9 p.m. London Schools for Languages, 20-21 Princes St., Hanover Sq., W.1. MAY. 2120.

ECOLE de Français, 283 Oxford St., W.1. HYD. 6524. Outstanding success of our attractive French Conversation Courses. Trial lesson 2s. 6d. Also English for Continentals, Italian, Spanish, German. (9 a.m.-9 p.m.)

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for G.C.E., Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

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